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THRILLING EXPERIENCES

BY

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BY THE WAY

Some of the articles in this little volume which appeared in the Improvement Era, were so well received by the Saints, that a number of my friends not only urged me to publish them in book form, but have advanced the means for that purpose, as a proof of their sincerity. These articles are not only of a thrilling nature, but are so filled with the testimonies of "Mormonism," that one of them has already appeared in several different languages.

April, 1909.

THE AUTHOR.

THRILLING EXPERIENCES

TWO MIGHTY INFLUENCES

[Some months ago, the author contributed several striking papers for the Improvement Era, on his personal experiences. A number of people have asked him to explain how he was led to write these papers, and he answers their questions in this article, showing that the inspiration which led thereto was as remarkable as any that directed his former acts.—Editors.]

Many times during our lives, it is almost impossible to discern between good and evil influences. If we always listened to the promptings of the right influence, what a world of sorrow and trouble it would save us! Evil is always present, and when we fail to listen to the good spirit, it gives the evil one advantage over us. That spirit causes everything to appear so easy and plausible that we sometimes get the two influences confused, and the one that has the strongest hold upon us is the one we naturally follow.

I quote the following from the Pearl of Great Price, pages 32 and 33: "And the Lord spake unto Adam, saying, Inasmuch

as thy children are conceived in sin, even so when they begin to grow up, sin conceiveth in their hearts, and they taste the bitter, that they may know how to prize the good. And it is given unto them to know good from evil; wherefore, they are agents unto themselves." The Prophet Joseph, in speaking upon this subject, tells us that we must "try the spirits, and prove them, for it is often the case that men make mistakes in regard to these things." There is but one way to avoid evil influences. Live pure, holy, and prayerful lives; cultivate a spirit of discernment, and shun everything of an evil nature. Or, in other words, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from us." Many times I have been brought near to death's door by listening to the wrong spirit.

The most difficult time that I ever had to discern between the two influences, was during the latter part of March, 1906. I had lost my position, and was enjoying a long-needed rest, and had no work in view. One evening, the spirit whispered these words to me: "Now is the time to write some of the most important events of your life, and have them published." My feelings naturally revolted against it, and the thoughts of such a thing made me shudder. I understood to which part of my life the spirit had reference.

The same influence, twenty-two years before, had worked with me until I spent several days in writing that part of my history. I said to myself: No, never as long as I have my natural senses. I had lived a good life for a quarter of a century, and did not propose to tear down the good name I had worked so hard to build up. Both influences were working with me, and I was in sympathy with the one that was fighting that proposition. I had never but once written for publication, and then had help. My ambition did not run in that direction. I thought to myself, how foolish it would be for me to delve into the disagreeable parts of my life, and place them before the public, after I had outlived them! This spirit said to me, "Never will such a thing be required of you, and nothing but an evil influence would prompt you to make such a fool of yourself. The Lord has forgiven you of your sins, and they are blotted out of the book of remembrance." This feeling grew stronger from day to day, and had convinced me that all I had to do was to live a correct life, and let my past mistakes take care of themselves.

One evening I picked up a newspaper, and was horrified to find that I could not read a word. My eyes continued in this

condition for several days, and finally became almost blind. The two spirits continued to bear down upon me a little harder, and finally I went to bed a sick man. While this warfare was going on in my mind, a large carbuncle developed on one of my lower limbs. It seemed to penetrate to the bone, and the flesh around it turned black. It was so painful I could hardly endure it. As I lay on my back in this pitiable condition, I had an open vision in broad daylight. It was no more nor less than my own hand writing passing before me from right to left about as fast I would naturally write. The scene lasted fifteen or twenty minutes, and was so plain I could see to read some of the writing. After the vision had passed, the spirit said, in language that could not be misunderstood, that if I refused to obey its promptings any longer, I would never get out of that bed alive. My afflicted limb was in a fearful condition, and I feared that blood poison had already set in. All was made plain to me then, and I made up my mind to obey the instructions received, no matter how much it went against my natural feelings. If I could do good in my humble way, I was willing to make the sacrifice. I crawled out of bed and dressed myself. I went into the closet,

and locked the door, and bowed down in humble prayer before the Lord. I laid bare my feelings before him. I confessed my sins with tears streaming down my cheeks. In broken accents I pleaded with Him to be merciful unto me, and bless me in body, mind, and spirit. I asked him to strengthen my memory so that I would be able to remember what he desired me to write. I pleaded with him to give me back my eyesight, to remove the pain from my afflicted limb, and to give me strength to stand up under the trying ordeal that lay before me. I soon felt the spirit resting upon me in great power. My eyesight was restored, and all disagreeable feelings vanished. The pain left, and I was healed, all but my afflicted limb.

Before I had gotten off my knees, the spirit told me that what I would write would not only be a help to others, but would prove a blessing to me. I went to my desk with a light heart and a cheerful countenance. The blood commenced to warm up in my veins. A cloud of darkness was lifted from my mind. What had appeared to me a horrible nightmare was changed into a sacred remembrance. I took a pencil and tab, and commenced to write. The subject given me was the incidents of my life that

had taken place forty-three years before. They were brought so vividly before my mind that it seemed but yesterday. When I had completed it, I commenced to write, "Plucked from the Burning." When I started to write this sketch, it was nothing short of marvelous the way this part of my life was brought before me, and how keen my memory was on all the little details connected with it. Many things were brought to my remembrance which before I had entirely forgotten. I could actually see in my mind the horrible countenances of those imps of the infernal regions, as they appeared to me on the desert, that September morning, twenty-five years before. For the first time I could appreciate this period of my life, and look upon the event as the most sacred part of it. Peculiar feelings engaged my mind, while it was passing before me like a panoramic view. Several times I had to pause long enough to wipe away the tears that were drenching the paper I was writing on. Never until then could I understand the importance of this period of my life, and I felt to exclaim, "Merciful God, hallowed be Thy name forever. Thou didst, when I had started to cross the 'Rubicon' of destruction, condescend to point the way to glory, celestial worlds without end."

This was the turning point of my life, and I could then understand why my Heavenly Father desired that these incidents should be made public. There were too many serious lessons connected with them, and they were too important to be brushed aside as so much trash. They were to be left on record as a standing reproof to every wayward son and daughter of Zion who might read them.

I wrote the entire article in less than three hours, and never rose from my seat until it was finished. At times, it seemed like the spirit would burn me up. The title to the fourth article was, "Reaping Wild Oats." Afterwards it was changed to "Adventures on the Way to Arizona." After it had been published, the spirit chided me for making the change, as it conveyed the wrong impression. There was a severe lesson in this part of my life also that the wayward of Zion would do well to heed. For nine years, I had turned my back upon my religion, and was running after the glitter of the world. I had been brought up under the droppings of the sanctuary, as it were, and knew I was doing wrong. Hundreds of times the good spirit had labored with me, and used all influences imaginable to get me to follow in the footsteps of my father; but

no, nothing would do but have a "good time." Time and again, when my intentions were to do wrong, the good spirit blocked the way, and put me right, but I did not appreciate it. The Spirit of the Lord gradually left me, and I was deserted by all good influences, except my faithful guardian angels who remained with me to the end. I was finally given over to some strange and powerful influence that I could not resist. It led me hither and thither, and finally landed me in the roughest and toughest part of Arizona without money and without friends. My mission there, under this influence, was to reap the wild oats I had so bountifully sown during the nine years previous to this time. I remained a prisoner under this influence for another nine years, and was not allowed to return home until I had paid the uttermost farthing for every evil act of my life. In this instance it seemed that my sins had been "open beforehand, and had gone before to judgment," on conditions that I continued to do right.

When I had completed my fourth article, my afflicted limb had so far recovered that I was able to hobble down to the Improvement Era office, where the spirit had directed me. The associate editor was a stranger to me. I presented to him my first

and third articles to be passed upon. He read them through, and put his seal of approval on them, which was a great relief. It was a new experience, and a valuable one, and shows how the Lord can make us publish our own sins upon the housetops.

In connection with this subject, to show how the Lord can operate upon us in ways that we little think of, I will conclude with the following incident: One night while thinking of employing one of our local poets to write introductory verses for each of my articles, imagine my surprise when suddenly two verses were presented to me. Having never written a line of poetry in my life, I immediately jumped out of bed for pencil and paper. The next day a poetical influence took possession of me, and more lines were presented, on another subject. I was curious to know what was coming next, and that evening several more little poems were written. As dense as my mind was on the subject of poetry, I soon discovered that the poems were introductions to my articles. Several days after this I wrote the verses on temple work, and the next evening the introductory poem to the article, "A Priceless Reward." I went to bed with a satisfied feeling, for I now had introductory verses for all of my articles.

That night while I lay wondering, from whence came this poetical inspiration, there passed before me the history of our pioneer boys, from the time they first entered these valleys in 1847, to the days of the Union Pacific railroad in 1868. I witnessed the terrible hardships that they passed through for the cause of Zion, and late that night the poem, "Our Pioneer Boys," was given to me.

A CLOSE CALL

They were driven to the mountains,
The Saints of the Most High;
Where they suffered many hardships,
All had to toil or die.
The heavens wept above them,
Jehovah heard their prayers;
Satan frowned with anger,
While faith beguiled their cares.

It is difficult for some of the younger members of our Church to understand what the Saints have had to pass through since first they began to settle in these valleys. In early days all had to work who were able. We had no railroads, then, to bring train-loads of coal right to our doors, but were compelled to burn wood. It took a strong man two days to go to the canyon and get a load of wood. Then it took him two days more to chop it into firewood. This would last a small family probably three weeks or a month. It was nothing unusual to see a boy twelve or thirteen years of age driving a team to the canyon, in company with his father or brother, who also had teams to look after. Like

conditions prevailed in the different avocations of life.

About the last of May, 1864, our father, Heber C. Kimball, purchased quite a valuable work horse from the Knowlton family, paying them three hundred and fifty dollars, cash down. That evening he instructed David H. and myself, to hitch up our teams the next morning, and go to North Mill Creek canyon, east of Bountiful, after wood. He entrusted the new horse to the care of David, who was but fourteen years of age, I being three years older. Every morning father had family prayers, and he never allowed us boys to go to work until after this was attended to. He not only prayed for us, but for the horses, and wagons, and even the harness. The next morning, David and I, hitched up our teams bright and early, and drove them out of the yard very quietly, so as not to wake our father. We well knew that we were disobeying orders, and that if he should happen to hear us driving out, he would call us back, and have us put our horses back into the stable and remain until after prayers. This was not our first offense, and we were quite successful that morning in getting away. Nothing unusual happened until after we had reached the head of the canyon, which is about sev-

enteen miles from Salt Lake City. We loaded our wagons with wood, which had already been gotten out for us, and started for home, myself being in the lead. We had not gone far, before the Knowlton horse began to jump about so frantically, that my brother could not manage him. I stopped my team and ran back to where he was, and finally got the horse quieted down. I then told David, that he had better drive my team, and that I would take charge of his. We then drove on until we came to a very steep and narrow dugway, which was quite sidling in places. This was the most dangerous piece of road in the canyon. Not long before this, Father Kinney's son met with a terrible death in this same place. The wagon that he was driving tipped over into the creek, and fell on him. In those days we had no brakes on our wagons, and when we came to a hill that was too steep for the horses to hold the loaded wagon back, we locked one of the hind wheels, and drove down in that way.

When David reached the top of this hill, he stopped his team, as usual, locked the wheel, and then drove on down. I then drove my team to the brink of the hill, but before I could get it stopped, the Knowlton horse began to pitch

and lunge ahead so furiously, that it was impossible for me to stop him. I realized the awful position that I was in. Like a flash of lightning, the death of Father Kinney's son came before my mind. David, by this time, was about fifty yards on head of me. I yelled to him, at the top of my voice, telling him to whip up, and get out of my way as quickly as possible. I had dropped one of the lines, and could do nothing but hold on to the load of wood as best I could. I was satisfied that if my team ran into his wagon, in such a narrow and sidling place, that it would not only knock his outfit off into the raging torrent below, but that we would all go down together. The dugway next to the creek was probably fifteen to twenty feet high, and almost perpendicular. The stream below was quite high, and the bottom of it was strewn with huge boulders. The water rushing and beating against them on its downward course, made it appear as white as snow. This also made such a roaring, that we could hardly hear. David looked back and saw my team coming at full speed. For the first time he sensed the danger we were in, and immediately began to put the whip to his horses, letting them go as fast as they could. By so doing he took his life

in his own hands in order to try and save me, as well as himself. My binding chain began to loosen, and my wood commenced to bound about. Something had to be done immediately, as it was impossible to hold on much longer. At the foot of this dugway was a narrow and dangerous pole-bridge, that crossed this treacherous stream. On crossing this bridge with loaded wagons, under ordinary circumstances, we had our teams walk across it as slowly as possible. In a miraculous manner, David had managed to get his team across safely, and had reached a little flat on the other side, and was out of danger a few seconds before I overtook him. But what was to become of me? I still held the right-hand line in my hands. As my team was headed, my left wheels would miss the bridge, on the upper side, at least three feet. There was just one chance left for me. If I could steer my horses a little to the right, and strike the bridge squarely, I believed that I would be able to cross it. If I should happen to miss it, even one-eighth of an inch, it meant certain destruction for myself and team. This was the danger spot of the whole canyon. I made a superhuman effort. I pulled on the line as hard as I could under the circumstances, and managed to get my team

turned a little to the right, and came within a few inches of running off the bridge, on the upper side, but went across all right. By this time I had completely lost my balance, and was just falling onto the heels of this crazy horse, when my team crashed into my brother David's wagon with such tremendous force, that it drove a pole almost through the body of the Knowlton horse, killing him almost instantly.

So far we had not seen a human being in the canyon, and the lonely and dismal feeling that took possession of us nearly drove us wild. We began to realize the terrible danger that we had just passed through, and our faces were as white as chalk, while our hearts were beating sledgehammer blows. We were speechless, as well as powerless, and it took us some time before we could collect our thoughts. The first words that were spoken were by David, who said that he would never run away from prayers again, as long as he lived. I felt a little more that way than he did, but said nothing. I offered up a silent prayer, thanking God, my Heavenly Father, for saving our lives in such a miraculous manner.

The next thing we did, was to get the

wagon and dead horse out of the road. We then tied faithful old "Nig" horse behind our wagon and drove homeward. We arrived at the warm springs about 7 p. m., being two hours late. We there met our mothers, Sarah Ann and Vilate. My mother had had a terrible presentiment of what had happened, just at the very time that we were passing through this terrible ordeal, and had been almost frantic up to this time. They never expected to see either of us home alive. We finally got them pacified, and drove on home. It seemed that our father, also, had been forewarned of our trouble. When we met him at the gate, his face was flushed, and he was unable to speak a word, while big tears were running down his cheeks. The next morning we were called into the prayer room with the rest of the family. Before prayers he made a few remarks, as he usually did. Among the things he said were these words, that Satan had laid his plans to destroy us two boys, and that the death of that horse saved my life. Nothing but the power of God, he said, could have saved us, as that horse was possessed with an evil spirit. He thought that if we had obeyed his counsel and remained at home until after prayers, that Satan would not have had the power to en-

danger our lives. He hoped that it would be a lesson that we would always remember. Then we all kneeled down, and before he had prayed many minutes, we could begin to feel the blood tingling in our veins; the Spirit of God rested down upon us in mighty power. Before he was through, there was not a person in the room who was not weeping. I had never heard such a prayer before, and what I heard on that occasion will remain with me as long as I live.

REAPING WILD OATS

Oh ye wayward ones of Zion,
Who have trod forbidden ground;
Give heed to timely warning,
Hearken to the gospel sound.
Repent of sins and follies,
Walk in the narrow path;
That leads to life eternal,
Beyond satanic wrath.

After spending the greater portion of nine years in seeking for the things of this world, I started for Arizona on the 4th day of July, 1877. The very thoughts of this trip almost broke my heart. It seemed like some powerful influence that I cannot describe took possession of me, saying, go, and I must obey. If I had been sentenced to years of imprisonment, I could not have felt worse. President Young had heard that my brother, David Patton and family, and myself, were getting ready to go, so he had us called to go as missionaries. We had been told that cattle were bringing fabulous prices there, and for this reason we decided to start with ox teams. Edward E. Jones and family accompanied us. We reached St. George about the middle of August, and it seemed like Old

Nick had been firing up for the occasion. We had learned by this time that we had made the mistake of our lives in starting with cattle, but it was now too late to back out. The roads for one hundred and sixty miles ahead of us were fearful, and water and feed were scarce. However, we worried along until we reached Pierce's Ferry, on the Colorado river. We were compelled to remain here a few days, in order to rest our animals. While here, an Indian who had been sent from St. George by Brother David H. Cannon, brought us the Deseret News containing an account of President Young's death. This sad news, in connection with the troublesome times that we were passing through, multiplied our sorrows. It was a great shock to us, and we could not have felt worse had it been our own father. We had met President Young at Nephi, on our way down, and he blessed us before leaving that place. We continued our journey to Cane Springs, about forty miles south of the Ferry. By this time our animals were so worn out, and footsore, that we were compelled to remain about a month. Before we had been there two hours, one of my best oxen, that had gotten into a mudhole, was killed by the wolves within one hundred yards of our camp. After our animals had

sufficiently recovered from their hard journey, we made another start across a seventy-mile desert. We traveled three days and nights without water. Two men, one named Lee, who had escaped from the Utah penitentiary, came to our camp and traded us some blankets for provisions. The first water that we expected to reach was at a mining camp called Hackberry. When we reached within two miles of it, at 10 o'clock at night, we struck a sandy wash and lost the road. The children were crying for water, and we and our animals were famishing. Water, in that part of the country, is so scarce, that you may travel from fifty to sixty miles in almost every direction without finding it. We unhitched our teams, and Brother Jones and myself saddled our horses, and drove our jaded animals up this wash all that night. Fortunately, we found water about daylight, which saved the lives of ourselves and animals. In the meantime, my brother David had found the Hackberry water, which was the means of saving their lives. Hackberry was an old deserted mining camp, and a company had just started it up again.

Here we traded what few cattle we had left, for horses and mules, and remained two years in order to get another outfit so

that we could continue our journey. The day before our arrival, the miners had lynched a man for killing another one. Lee and his partner, the convicts, had also gone to work here. One day, in an unguarded moment, I mentioned to a party the circumstances of their escape. They happened to hear of it, and made up their minds to kill me. One night, while I was out at a wood camp, this man Lee came out there to attend to this little matter. He would have done so, had it not been for another desperado, who had taken a liking to me, and who stood guard over me all that night. During the two years that I remained here, it seemed as if my life was in constant danger. It was difficult for me to understand the reason for it. I was attending to my own business, and working every day as hard as I could. However, I was not prospered in anything. If the rattlesnakes did not bite my horses on their noses, when they were eating grass, and kill them in that way, the animals were sure to get their hind feet into the bell strap, and thus kick their own heads off. And so it went with my other affairs. The most curious part of it was, that I never for a moment thought that these misfortunes were coming upon me on account of my not living my religion.

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Reaping Wild Oats

All supplies for this camp were brought up the Colorado river on steam boats to Hardysville. They were then hauled on wagons to Hackberry, about seventy-five miles east. There were two ranges of mountains to cross, and the roads over them were quite rough in places, especially during the winter time. In crossing one of these mountains, from Mineral Park over to the toll gate, I came near losing my life on two different occasions. It was during the winter season, in both instances. On the east side, there was a dugway, about a mile and a half long. It was very narrow, steep, crooked, and covered with ice from top to bottom. If one should happen to go over the side, one would go a thousand feet below. In order to get down with loaded wagons, it was necessary to "rough-lock" both hind wheels. Even then it was dangerous. We "rough-locked" in this way: we locked our wheels with chains, and then wrapped another chain around the felloes, so that it would cut roughly into the ice. And so we drove down. This kept the wagon from crowding onto the team. The first time, I had only one pair of animals on my wagon, and the wagon was loaded with iron pipe. The night was dark as pitch. I had to drive down about one hundred yards

before it was steep enough to "rough-lock." Unfortunately, I had driven a little too far, and my team was unable to stop the wagon. We went down almost as if we had been shot out of a gun. Before I had gone far, one front wheel struck a projecting rock. The shock threw one of my horses bodily clean over the wagon tongue, landing him on his back. The accident brought everything to a standstill, and saved my life.

On the next occasion, which was in the daytime, I had four animals, with a heavy load of freight. The leaders were a pair of wild mules. I got my team stopped all right, and "rough-locked" both hind wheels. I started down, but had not gone far before both "rough-locks" broke loose, and away I went again! The team went so fast that I could not jump off. Just before we reached a turn in the road, and were about to go off the dugway, the leaders struck a little piece of ground. Like lightning they jumped in toward the bank to save themselves, and by so doing threw the wagon into the bank, piling us all up in a heap. This saved my life again.

My protection from death made me think there surely must be some overruling Power watching over me. My parents had been dead ten years, and I had strayed so far from

their teachings, during that time, that I had almost lost all faith in an overruling Providence. Sometimes, when driving along a level road, with everything as quiet as could be, suddenly my animals would act as if they were fearfully frightened. They would run to the right or left of the road as if some horrible object were in front of them.

I was always trading horses in order to get animals that I could trust. Instead of bettering my condition, I generally made it worse. Once I traded for a horse which I found out afterwards to be "Kicking Dick," and was known all over Arizona by that name. I also owned a mule that had killed a man or two, and his Arizona name was "Buster." They were both professional kickers, and would run away at the drop of the hat. One of "Dick's" favorite tricks was to kick at a person's head with both feet. Several times he tried this on me, his hind feet just grazing each side of my head. When he ran away, it was always on down grade, of course. It might probably be interesting to mention one of these runaways; it was so novel. "Buster" and his fiery mate were in lead at the time. We had just started down a long, steep hill, and the wagon was loaded. A miner, who had a burro, tied his long-eared

animal behind the wagon, and rode on the seat with me. We had not gone far before "Dick" commenced to show us how high he could kick. The spring seat upon which we were sitting, was on the top of a double-bed wagon box. He kicked the brake off as fast as I could put it on. We were soon going so fast that the burro fell down, and we dragged him along, which answered the purpose of a brake. "Dick" kicked and ran, and ran and kicked, and finally jumped his front feet into "Buster's" singletree and they were jerked from under him so quickly that he fell down. Between him and the burro and brake, we came to a sudden stop. The burro lived, but he looked like a sheared sheep on one side, where the long hair had been worn off to the skin.

I met what the Arizonans call a tenderfoot, one day, and he offered to trade me a pair of horses for my leaders. I lost no time in "taking him up" at his offer. He wanted one for a pack animal, and the other to ride. Before putting on the pack and saddle, I blind-folded the mules, so as to help matters along. He put his pack-saddle on "Buster," and lashed his flour, bacon, coffee-pot, frying-pan, camp-kettles and other traps on tight. He put his saddle on the other mule. When he was all ready, I took the blinds off, and

the way things flew was really surprising. The tenderfoot went one way and "Buster" the other. I have never seen or heard of them since.

One day I was driving down a steep, rocky mountain with eight animals and two loaded wagons. I had a desire to learn the Spanish language, so hired a Mexican boy who could not speak a word of English. He was attending to the brake on the hind wagon, while I was driving and looking after the front one. The wagons began to crowd onto the animals. I called to the boy in Spanish to des menah, and he suddenly threw the brake off, and the consequence was that one of the wagons was broken all to pieces. I had made a mistake. I should have said menah, which means, "hobble the wheels." This one word of Spanish cost me one hundred dollars, and I was one hundred miles from home. I was disgusted with the language and discharged the boy.

My Arizona experience has already been a horrible nightmare, and what I have written covers only a small fraction of the troubles and dangers which I passed through while there. It appears to have been an experience that I had to pass through in order to bring me to my senses. I had a mission to perform, and was in no condition

to perform it until I had reaped the wild oats which I had formerly so bountifully sown. But I knew nothing of these things when I was being buffeted and knocked about in this way, as I believe by the evil one. I did not know that it was God's angels that were saving my life continually while I was passing through these terrible dangers. This was all made plain to me later on. Then I could understand why it was necessary for me to suffer and be continually tormented. I had not lived the life of a Latter-day Saint, but had strayed away from the teachings of my father and mother. I discovered that I had my agency, but that I would be held accountable for every idle word that I uttered. In writing these experiences, and others to follow, I do it against my natural inclination, but with the hope that they will prove a warning to others.

PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING

He wandered near the brink of a chasm,
The night was as dark as the grave;
A terrible storm was raging,
Guardian angels were determined to save.
Demons stood around him grinning,
Anxiously waiting his fall;
Loving parents were bitterly weeping,
Receiving no answer to their call.
While the jaws of hell was yawning,
Ready to receive its prey;
A timely flash of lightning
Made his course as plain as day.

Picket Post was an old government fort in Pinal county, Arizona. It was located in the foothills, about fifty miles due east of Mesa. After it had been abandoned by Uncle Sam, it became a prominent mining camp, and the name was changed to Pinal. After freighting over the wilds of Arizona for three years and a half, I opened a livery and feed stable at this place. Soon after, I formed a partnership with a man who had been well recommended to me. We did a good business, and made money.

President A. F. MacDonald, and my

father-in-law, Francis M. Pomeroy, visited me about this time. Among the things they told me was this: That if I would do right, and pay my tithing, the Lord would bless me; but if not, things would not be well with me. Up to this time I had never given a cent of tithing in my life. I paid but little attention to what they said, and felt pretty well satisfied the way things were going. I did nothing towards living my religion. I was the only man in the place who claimed connection with the "Mormon" Church in any way. My partner kept the books and handled the cash, and I took charge of the other affairs. One morning he saddled a horse, and said he was going into the hills to collect a bill, and I have never seen him since. I learned afterwards that he had collected all bills, borrowed all the money that he could on our names, and drawn out what cash we had in the bank. He then crossed the line into Old Mexico, which is about eighty-five miles away.

After I learned that I was financially ruined, I began to think over what President MacDonald had told me, but it was too late then to "lock the stable door." I made up my mind to close this stable, and to lease a smaller one in another part of the town. That night I dreamed that I found two eggs,

larger than turkey eggs. I broke one of them, and to my surprise found a large scorpion in it, which filled the whole shell. I felt tempted to open the other, but thinking that I might find something worse, changed my mind. When I awoke, the interpretation was made plain. I had already opened one feed stable, and knew the results. I did not care to open the other. My creditors were following me about, but I could do nothing for them. I became discouraged, and almost heart-broken. My wife and child had gone to Mesa to visit her parents. The harder I worked to pay my debts, the blacker things looketl ahead. I began to have horrible night visions. I dreamed that I was in hurricanes, and earthquakes, even hearing the deafening sounds. I saw myself in company with some of my brothers on the brink of precipices, in the act of falling off. These things began to start my religious blood to circulating. It caused me to think seriously of the things my father had taught me, in years gone by. Satan was on the spot to magnify my troubles to the uttermost. When I had reached the zenith of my trouble, as I supposed, I received, from my sister, Helen M., a little book that had just been published, entitled H. C. Kimball's Journal; also a blessing given to me

when I was but eight days old. I had never seen either of them before. This is the blessing, as recorded by President Willard Richards:

A blessing upon the head of Solomon Farnham, son of Heber C. and Vilate M. Kimball, born at Winter Quarters, February 2nd, 1847, by President B. Young, with H. C. Kimball, N. K. Whitney and A. Cutler, at the house of H. C. Kimball.

Solomon Farnham, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by virtue of the Holy Priesthood, we lay our hands upon thy head, and bless thee with the blessings of thy fathers and of thy forefathers, and of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, and with the blessings of eternal life. Thou shalt not be a whit behind any of thy father's house in blessings, but shall receive them in due time. for thou shalt live and enjoy life, and the angels shall have charge over thee, and thou shalt have dominion over every foul spirit, and over death itself, and possess great treasures of wisdom and knowledge; and we seal you unto your father and mother, and bless you with all the blessings of the new and everlasting covenant, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

After reading the blessing over several times, carefully, I commenced to read the book. There was an overruling Power that began to work with me, but I did not know it. I little understood these things, then. I yet had to pass through severe mental suffering, in order to prepare me for what was coming. Satan had laid his plans to de-

stroy me. If he could accomplish this, he would prove President Young to be a false prophet. By the next day I had read the book through. I went to bed that evening pondering over these things. I could not sleep. I felt evil influences gathering around me that I could not understand. It was so different from anything I had ever experienced before. I had been taught to pray by my parents, but had neglected praying. This oppressive spirit began to bear down upon me in great power. I felt that I could not endure it much longer. I soon found myself upon my knees, praying like a chaplain, but could get no relief. I was alone, and the town people had gone to bed. I walked the floor, and made a strong effort to cry, but this was denied me. I got down on my knees again, and told the Lord of all the mean things that I had ever done in my life, and it took a long time. The harder I prayed the worse I felt, and the worse I felt the harder I prayed. I kept this up all night. It seemed like iron under my feet and brass over my head. I felt that I had been abandoned to the powers of darkness which were determined to destroy me. It was almost daylight, and I was about to give up, when relief came. The Lord had heard my prayers. Darkness had fled, and the heaven-

ly influence that took possession of me almost lifted me from my feet.

For the first time in my life I received a spiritual communication from the heavens. My father, when I was a child, called me his spiritual-minded boy, and I enjoyed that gift to a great extent in my younger days. Here was so much greater that I could not help but clap my hands for joy, and weep like a child. This is the word that I received: "Return to the Mesa ward. Renew your covenants. Pay your tithing. Go to the temple, and have your wife and child sealed to you. Live the life of a Latter-day Saint, and then I will forgive you of your sins, and will bless you."

I felt as if my head were a fountain of tears. I continued to weep and to praise the Lord as long as I remained in that place. The people thought that I had gone crazy. By noon I had sold and given away almost everything I had. By three o'clock I said good-by to Pinal, and have never seen it since.

That afternoon, in company with some of our Mesa boys, we drove out on the desert, about twenty miles, and camped for the night. The Spirit of the Lord had remained with me until this time. I could begin to feel it withdrawing from me. Af-

ter supper I took my bed and went off about one hundred yards by myself. I felt as if I wanted to be alone. I made my bed, and after I had prayed, went to rest thoroughly worn out. I slept pretty well until towards morning, when the evil one made another assault upon me, only in a different way. As I lay on my back, I was unable to move a muscle, for at least an hour. I could not utter a word, not even whisper. Then the fallen spirits showed themselves, one at a time. All I could see of them was their heads and bodies down to their waists. They would pass in front of me, remain about a quarter of a minute, gnash their teeth, make faces, and then pass on. Then another one would take his place. I never saw the same face twice, and they appeared to be all males. It would be impossible to describe the horrible countenances of these imps of hell. I knew that they could not kill me, from what the Lord had told me. Neither was I frightened of them, but it was a fearful position to be in. They kept this up until daylight, and then left. I got up and dressed myself, and prayed, but felt downcast all that day. We reached Mesa about noon. After dinner I sought President MacDonald, and related my experiences to him. He advised me to say nothing

about it to any one, but do as I was told. He said he would be a father to me, and assist me in any way that he could. I asked him what I should do first. He said, "Go to Brother C. I. Robson, and ask him to rebaptize you." I told him that I was not on speaking terms with him. He said, "That makes no difference; go and ask his forgiveness." I went down to Brother Robson's house. He was making cane molasses. I asked him if he would forgive me. He was so astonished that he came near falling over backwards. The tears began to stream down his cheeks, and he said, "Certainly I will, and I want you to forgive me," which, of course, I did. I then asked him if he would rebaptize me, and he said he would. He put his coat on, and we went up to the Mesa canal, and there he performed the ceremony.

I had a few horses and a couple of wagons left. The next day I met a brother who wanted to trade me a home for them. We closed the bargain. This gave me a cozy little home with about four acres of land already cultivated. I attended all the meetings, and was probably the most humble man in the place. I said nothing about my experience to any one, excepting my wife. Many of the Saints, as well as the sinners, could not under-

stand the sudden change that had come over me. Some treated me well, while others looked upon me with suspicion. I attended to my family prayers twice a day, and commenced studying the Scriptures. I was trying to make up for lost time. I felt that I had come in at the eleventh hour.

That winter, Apostle Erastus Snow came down from Utah to organize us into a stake of Zion. There were probably five or six hundred saints in that part of Arizona, at the time. He had a hard time in selecting suitable timber for this organization. It took him about three days to complete his work. I was acquainted with some of the men whom he had chosen to fill these offices. Some of the timber he used was somewhat warped, and had some knots in it, but he did the best he could. Brother Snow had been a close friend to my father and mother, and visited them often when they were alive. Many times he had trotted me on his knee when I was small. During the conference, I kept listening, expecting to hear my name called, but was considerably disappointed. After conference had adjourned, for the first time I began to feel my littleness. I wondered if it could be possible that I was a less worthy man than any of those he had chosen. Brother Snow could read my inmost

thoughts. He understood me better than I understood myself. Before starting home, he took me by the hand, in a kind and fatherly manner, and said: "Brother Solomon, if you will continue to do right, I promise you, in the name of the Lord, that it will not be long before you will hold more offices than you will be able to take care of." He then prayed God to bless me. This did me great good. I took hold of my religious duties with a vim, and never left a stone unturned. The worst thing I had to contend with was the self-righteous element. One prominent man, who was the best friend I had when I was doing wrong, was my worst enemy when I commenced to do right. His class could not bear to see me living my religion. They were continually throwing blocks in my way. One day, at a general conference, one of them, in speaking of those who had been seeking after the things of the world, said it reminded him of Sol. Kimball. After meeting I called his attention to it. I told him that I had been confessing my sins for the last three years. I thought that he ought to confess his own sins. He offered to apologize to me at the afternoon meeting, but I would not submit to it. The way some of the brethren treated me, I began to feel like it

was no use for me to try to do right. Some of them preached doctrine which, if true, would bar me out of the kingdom of heaven. And if I should happen to get there, I should be covered with scars. I heard so many of these things that I began to feel that I was throwing my time away in trying to work out my salvation. I became despondent, and thoroughly discouraged. I was between two very hot fires. I did not know what to do. I resorted to fasting and praying. I wanted to find out, if possible, whether my labors during the last three years had been acceptable to the Lord. One morning, before breakfast, I went off into the desert, and prayed with great earnestness before the Lord in relation to this matter. After I had been on my knees for twenty-five or thirty minutes, I started back home thinking over these things. I had not gone far, when the Spirit of the Lord, in a very satisfactory and comprehensive manner, informed me that my labors had been acceptable to him, and that my sins had been forgiven. It made such a deep and lasting impression upon my mind, that I have never felt discouraged in relation to such matters since.

About this time there was a small company getting ready to go to the St. George Temple. I had a team and wagon. I sold

my only cow to get an outfit to go along with them. The distance to St. George was five hundred miles, and two hundred of it over a very rough country. We made the trip to St. George in three weeks. After having my wife and children sealed to me, I felt that I had carried out the instructions of the Lord to the letter. My heart was light, and my sins were forgiven. I hitched up my team, and, with my wife and children, drove home all alone. We did not see a living soul for the first two hundred miles, except the man who ran Pearce's Ferry. I drove the five hundred miles in thirteen and a half days, and was the happiest man in Mesa, when I arrived there. I continued to live there until June, 1886. When I left, Brother Snow's prediction upon my head had been literally fulfilled. I did hold more Church offices than I could well take care of, among them being ward clerk, secretary of Sunday school, and one of the seven presidents of a seventies' quorum.

Let him that thinketh he standeth,
Remember, take heed lest he fall;
For the Saint who boasts of his goodness,
Is not worthy of the name at all.
God loves that humble servant,
Who trembles under His power;
He will make him strong in Zion,
Tho' he comes at the eleventh hour.

A MYSTERIOUS VOICE

All Saints who remember to keep and do these sayings,
Walking in obedience to the will of the Lord;
Shall have health in their navel and marrow in their bones,
Wisdom, knowledge, hidden treasures, shall be their reward.
They shall run and not be weary, shall walk and not faint,
And the dread destroying angel, shall pass by their gate.

Arizona's rainy season generally occurs during the summer months, and after the water has subsided, the farmers in that section of country usually spend a few days repairing dams that have been damaged by the floods. One hot summer day I was hauling rocks for the Mesa dam, on the Salt river. The wind was blowing quite hard at the time. The rushing of the waters over the dam, mingling its voice with the moaning and sighing of the wind, almost makes one believe that he hears beautiful music; or human beings crying, singing or talking.

I had just driven my team into the river with a load of rocks, and unloaded them, and

was in the act of taking a chew of tobacco, when, to my great surprise, I heard a voice saying, "Don't chew any more tobacco." I looked around to see if I could see anyone close by, and then drove away for another load. While doing so I felt like a big simpleton, for allowing myself to believe such apparent nonsense as hearing a voice repeat those words, since there was no one within a hundred yards of me. I gathered up another load, and drove back to the same place, and threw it onto the brush, on the dam. I had come to the conclusion that the Arizona wind and water had perpetrated a huge joke on me. My tobacco was a great comfort to me, and I felt that I did not wish to be deceived by the elements of that hot and sultry country. I then looked all around again, to make sure that no one was near, and just as I was biting off a chew, I heard the same voice, only in a little louder tone, saying, "Never take another chew of tobacco as long as you live."

I hardly knew what to think, but said to myself, it is not the wind and water this time, but really and truly a human voice. In years gone by I was not a man to believe such things, and had been severe in my criticism of others in relation to such matters; but now I had something to think about, sure

enough. I continued my work until noon, at the same time discussing this subject in my mind. I said nothing to the boys about it during the dinner hour, although they could see that I was considerably agitated over something. I knew that by telling them about it, it would make me the laughing stock of the whole crowd. In the afternoon it was hard for me to keep from taking a chew, and there was quite a strong influence working with me. It was bringing all kinds of arguments to bear upon this subject, and trying to convince me that it was my imagination pure and simple, and that the wind and water combined, had a good deal to do with it. There were other things that made it hard for me to overcome this habit. I had an appetite for liquor, but had not touched it for about two years, and was determined never to taste it again. Under these circumstances I felt that it would be more than I could bear, to put my old friend tobacco behind me. I understood what a curse the liquor habit is, and felt that if I could overcome it, I would be doing very well. I believed that by using tobacco it would help me to overcome the greater evil.

When I had driven my team into the river with my last load, that afternoon, I

had convinced myself that I had heard no voice at all, and had also made up my mind to take a chew of tobacco, if it were the last act of my life. The gnawing, craving, and hankering after it, was almost driving me crazy. I then took it out of my pocket for the third time, and just as I was going to take a chew, I heard the same voice again, plainly and distinctly, saying, "Solomon, never touch tobacco again as long as you live."

I made up my mind to do as I was told, let the consequences be what they may. I said nothing about it to anyone, except my wife, who was a good Latter-day Saint. From that time on, the craving for tobacco gradually left me, but the appetite for liquor began to get in its deadly work, just at a time when I needed help and encouragement the most. It seemed to me like the powers of darkness had begun to gather around me, thicker than ever. For two years I had made the effort of my life to overcome my weakness, and live the life of a Latter-day Saint, but it seemed like fate was against me. I commenced to fast and pray, and humble myself mightily before the Lord, crying unto him day and night, to deliver me from this cursed viper. I had to use all the energy and will power that I could

possibly muster, in order to resist the terrible disease that was getting the upper hand of me. There was no Keeley cure in those days, and we were left to ourselves, unless we could get help from above. I would dream of drinking it nights, and thirst for it in the daytime. One evening, after fasting for twenty-four hours, and spending a goodly portion of that time in praying to the Lord for help, his Spirit whispered these words to me, "If you will observe the Word of Wisdom, the liquor habit will leave you."

This was like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. I had been drinking a good deal of strong tea and coffee up to this time, and it seemed so strange afterwards, that I should overlook so important a revelation as was the Word of Wisdom upon this subfect. If I had obeyed its teachings when I left Pinal and joined the Mesa ward, two years before, what a blessing it would have been to me in many respects! I obeyed the instructions received, and from that day until the present time, I have never drunk a drop of intoxicants of any description, neither have I used tea, coffee, or tobacco. In less than two months I could master all of these habits pretty well, and in less than a year, I had no desire for them whatever.

Sometimes I drank a cup or two of chocolate, but soon found out that it, too, belongs to the same family, and I have never drunk it since. By using a good deal of tea, coffee and tobacco, and drinking the Salt River water during the hot summer months, Bright's disease took hold of my system. It had gotten such a hold that I was compelled to leave Arizona in order to save my life. The physician who has been treating me for this malady for the last seven years, told me that I would have been dead years ago, had it not been for my temperate habits. This doctor, who is a non-"Mormon," refuses to treat his patients for kidney troubles, unless they keep the Word of Wisdom, not even allowing them to eat meat. By keeping the Word of Wisdom my life has been spared probably twelve or fifteen years, which has enabled me to support and educate my family. I have also lived to take a prominent part in my father's family affairs, performing a good mission in that direction. It has given me an opportunity to search the Scriptures, and get a fair understanding of the principles of "Mormonism." And last, but not least, it has made me more charitable towards God's children who are weighed down with the weakness of the flesh, and who need a helping hand

above all others. I have heard mothers blaming their parents, or husbands, or somebody else, for the liquor habit that has been fastened upon their children. They are wrong in doing this, as they themselves are to blame to a great extent. They are, perhaps, continually setting before their children things to eat and drink that are creating these appetites. If parents will bring their children up to keep the Word of Wisdom, and set the example themselves, they will never be bothered over such things. Meat is a stimulant, and to eat it, especially during the summer months, will create an appetite for liquor, just the same as tea, coffee or tobacco will. On account of my false pride, I have kept my personal experience in relation to such matters a secret until now, but feel that I would be doing wrong if I did so any longer. There are thousands of good people who are victims of this disease, and are being continually tormented by these unnatural appetites. The Word of Wisdom is a perfect cure for them, and it is as free as the air that we breathe.

A PRICELESS REWARD

Since God the Father in his wisdom laid,
Plans of the earth he so wondrously made;
Records of important events have been kept;
Save when the world in her wickedness slept.
Had our forefathers this work neglected,
Our mission to earth would be sadly affected;
Deprived of these precious historical events;
Man might be living as Indians in tents.

The Bible gives account of Father Adam's fall,
And brings the records down to the days of Paul;
This with Mormon's American history
Unfolds to the world a marvel and mystery.

Our great modern Prophet without favor or fear,
Has revealed many truths important to hear;
He told of God's greatness throughout boundless space;
And how he communed with him face to face,
He gave to the world hundreds of pages
That give glorious accounts of heavenly sages;
We'll ne'er comprehend all he had to say
Until we have reached the Millennial day.

The Lord is not pleased when Apostles of fame,
Who have been sent to earth to teach in his name—
Men who have lived in our generation and day—
Who have spent their whole lives preaching without pay;

A Priceless Reward

To have their records molding and musting;
Their valuable journals rotting and rusting;
'Cause thoughtless descendants have stowed them
away;
Hence valuable history in pigeon-holes lay.

After the Saints had been driven West, and had established themselves in these valleys, among the first things that the leaders of the Church did was to get their historical records together. They realized that Church history would be dependent upon these records to a great extent. The Lord through the Prophet Joseph, had instructed them to keep a record of all principal events of their lives, which made it doubly important. I well remember the interest manifested by my father in relation to such matters. He had been an apostle for twelve years, and one of the First Presidency for twenty. During the drivings and mobbings of the Saints he had lost the part of his journal that contained an account of his second mission to England. This he felt keenly, as it made a break into one of the most important periods of his life. When time permitted, he had Brother Thomas Bullock come to his house, and they sometimes spent a week or two straightening out these records and compiling history. In order to do this, they

had to wade through hundreds of pages of blurred and dingy journals, and package after package of old, musty letters. Father would then let this work rest for a year or two, or until the spirit came upon him again. He would then get Brother Robert Campbell, or some other competent man, to assist him. He continued in this way as long as he lived. After his death, there was nothing more done with his history until the fall of 1876. I was living with my sister Helen at the time. We were in possession of all of father's letters, journals and manuscripts. We knew that he had prophesied that Edward W. Tullidge would write his history, so I visited Mr. Tullidge several times in relation to this matter. He finally agreed to write the history and publish three thousand volumes for three thousand dollars. He was present when father made the prediction concerning him, and knew about the lost records.

With this fact in view, and while writing the history of the Prophet Joseph and President Young, he made a note of any historical facts bearing upon this part of father's life. This advantage enabled him to write the history in about six months. In the meantime, I had taken up a labor with my father's family, and found the majority of them

not in sympathy with this movement. However, I managed to collect thirteen hundred dollars in cash and five hundred dollars in real estate. This I turned over to Mr. Tullidge, and from that on it seemed like fate was against us and we were forced to let this work rest here. That summer I went to Arizona, where I remained nine years. After I returned, I spent several weeks visiting the family. The history spirit came upon me again stronger than ever. I was quite successful in uniting the family upon this subject. I was out of means, and went to Mayor Armstrong to see if I could get employment. He told me that the jailor had just broken his arm, and that I could come to work the next morning. Soon after I had commenced work, it seemed to me at times as though I was in the very presence of father. I could plainly feel his spirit working with me. It became so strong that I could not rest until we had called the representative members of the family together and laid this subject before them. At that meeting a committee of five was chosen, and we decided to employ Bishop Orson F. Whitney to write the history over again. He was our father's grandson; while, on the other hand, Mr. Tullidge had publicly declared himself to be an

apostate. We had a settlement with him, and he was allowed thirteen hundred dollars for his work. He deeded the real estate back to us and let Bishop Whitney have his manuscript of the history. The "boom" came soon after, and we sold the lot for just eighteen hundred dollars clear of expenses. Those of us who had contributed the eighteen hundred dollars nine years before received back the exact sum that we gave, and this put the family on an equal footing. Before I went to Arizona the Kimball estate had been divided and the administrators discharged. When I returned, we found four lots on the hill that had been overlooked, and which were almost worthless when I went away, but now had become valuable. We sold them for four thousand five hundred dollars, which was just enough to carry this enterprise through. This belonged to all of us, and we now were all in sympathy with the movement.

The day that the history was to be bound and placed upon the market, one of the most wonderful events of my life took place. As I was giving the prisoners their breakfast, imagine my joy and satisfaction when I heard the voice of my deceased father saying to me that he had something more to go into the history, and would give

it to me as a reward for my faithfulness in helping to bring that work forth. As soon as I could get the prisoners to work, I took a pencil and tab, and father told me what to write. Under his dictation I wrote for about thirty minutes, and a minute or two before I had finished, several prisoners who were doing janitor work, came into the room, and father's spirit left. I undertook to complete the unfinished part but was unable to do so. Then I began to feel uneasy, fearing that Bishop Whitney would reject the communication. I went into the old Council Chamber and prayed to the Lord to prepare his mind to receive it. When he came to work that morning, I told him that I had just received a visit from father, and he had given me something more to go into the history. I handed him the communication. He read it over carefully and said, "That is splendid." He completed the unfinished part, and corrected my mistakes. We decided to say nothing about it, and it went into the history in that form. This event was kept quiet until the spring of 1906, eighteen years later. At a High Priests' meeting, held in the Brigham Young Memorial building at that time, I was called upon to speak. The moment I stood up it seemed to me as though my

father was standing by my side. I was so filled with the Spirit of the Lord that I for the first time made this event public, Bishop Whitney being present at the time.

REMARKABLE MANIFESTATIONS

In our temples four, we're doing more,
To save the bond and make them free;
Than all the millions with their billions,
Of men and mammon on land and sea.
We unlock the door, that they may soar,
To realms of glory up so high;
And make them free as they can be,
To dwell in peace above the sky.
The Holy Ghost with heavenly host,
Comes down to Earth and brings them cheer;
They hover near their friends so dear,
And whisper love to all that hear.

In 1833, a spiritual wave, which reached its zenith in 1887, passed over Heber C. Kimball's family, and seemed to stir all of his descendants from center to circumference. This circumstance was a fulfillment of a prediction made by my deceased father to my brother, David Patten, in 1881. In writing of this vision to our sister, Helen, David says: "He commenced by telling me of his association with the Prophet Joseph, President Young and others in the spirit world. He said that there would be a great

reformation in his family within two years."

In that same year, viz, 1887, the Kimball family held a reunion. On that occasion there were present not less than three hundred members, besides many friends and relatives. We could feel the influence of our father working amongst us, and even those who were the most skeptic, could not help but acknowledge the hand of some unseen power operating in our midst. This was the first family gathering that had taken place since father's death, and the results were far-reaching.

Following is an extract from a letter by the writer to his brother, Golden, in 1889:

"Night before last I had a glorious vision. I saw our father resurrected. He looked transparent and glorious to behold. I heard the most beautiful singing that I ever listened to, by hundreds of immortal beings. Many of our family and friends were present. It is a great comfort to me, and I am convinced that father will soon be resurrected. I also saw our elder brothers standing in the back ground, who seemed to have lost their places in the family, while the younger boys were taking the lead. I went to them, and asked if they had any objection to my presiding over the meeting? They answered 'No,' and being next to them in age, I took charge. After the meeting was opened with prayer, I saw thousands of immortal beings, who made their appearance, and all sang in one grand chorus."

Soon after beholding the vision, I was sent for by Pres. Woodruff and told that ever since the days of the Prophet Joseph, it had been the custom in the Church, when ever any one of the First Presidency died, for the Presidency to bless, and set apart the legal heir of that family, to take charge of the temple work. He also said that the day had gone by when older members of families would stand in the way of the younger ones, and prevent them from officiating for the dead. I was then blessed and set apart by President Woodruff and counselors, to stand at the head of my father's house. Only seven souls of our ancestors up to this time had been offciated for in the temples.

The spiritual influence of Heber C. Kimball was not confined to his own family alone, but had spread to Kimballs outside of the "Mormon" faith. The same year, in 1887, when our reunion was held, Prof. A. L. Morrisson of Windham, New Hampshire, whose mother was a Kimball, and Prof. S. P. Sharples, of Boston, Mass., whose wife was also a Kimball, both at about the same time and unbeknown to each other, commenced work on a genealogical record of the Kimball family of America. Both of these expert genealogists continued this la-

bor for seven years before they became acquainted with each other. After that they became co-workers, and co-editors for three years more. After the expiration of that time they completed one of the most perfect genealogical records that had so far been published in the United States. It contained thirteen hundred pages, and the names of nearly fourteen thousand of our ancestors. They made the discovery that all of the Kimballs of America were descendants of two brothers who came from Rattlesden, Suffolk county, England, to America, in 1634. They visited the old Kimball homes in that part of England, and traced the family record back for five hundred years. The wealthy Kimballs of the United States furnished the means to carry this enterprise through, which amounted to thousands of dollars.

Soon after this voluminous work had been published, Hon. G. F. Kimball, of Topeka, Kansas, commenced the publication of the Kimball Family News, a monthly journal. Professors Sharples and Morrison furnished long lists of genealogical records for this journal, which increased the number of names to upwards of fifteen thousand.

Soon after we received this immense

record, we decided to hold a meeting at our private cemetery, at the old Kimball Homestead, Main street, Salt Lake City, for the purpose of organizing ourselves into a band of temple workers. The time set for this gathering, was on our father's anniversary, June 14, 1897. Printed invitations were sent to the family, and special letters were written to our older brothers, urging them to meet with us. They excused themselves, and asked me to take charge.

Agreeable to arrangements, the family, including many relatives and friends, met. After the meeting was called to order, several representative members of the family spoke upon the subject of temple work, and were followed by President Joseph F. Smith and Bishop Orson F. Whitney. Inspiring music was furnished under the direction of Horace G. Whitney, and the meeting was presided over by the writer, as was shown in the vision eight years before.

After we had commenced our services, I noticed an elderly gentleman standing on the outside, looking through the cemetery fence. He had a pleasant smile upon his countenance, and seemed much interested in what was taking place. The moment I noticed him, I experienced a thrill like unto

an electric shock, which passed through my whole being, and caused me to leap for joy. Instantly I thought of the Scripture which says: "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unaware." I immediately stepped up to the old gentleman and said: "Come inside, stranger, you are welcome." He politely bowed his head; walked around to the south side of the cemetery; passed through the gate, and sat down by my brother David, who presently came to me enquiring who the stranger was. He then told me of the heavenly influence that he experienced when the old gentleman sat down by him. Several others of the family spoke of the glorious sensation that they felt, when they came in contact with him. We could find no one who had ever seen him before, and none of us seemed to know when he appeared. His disappearance was just as mysterious as his coming, which caused us to wonder who this personage could be. Bishop Joseph Kimball thought that it was an angel who had been sent to take notes of our meeting, while others believed that it was one of the three Nephites.

Some days after this meeting we commenced our work for the dead in earnest. Within seven years we were baptized for

eleven thousand of our ancestors; endowed for all of the women, and upwards of a thousand men. The heavenly influence that we experienced during that time, can only be understood and appreciated by those who have passed through a similar experience.

Just previous to President Snow's death, I had a long talk with him upon this subject. He left the impression with me that he was in communication with my father, and told me that father was around the temples, taking a great interest in the work for his kindred dead. He further said, that if my father's sons would become united, and humble themselves before the Lord, that father would meet, and counsel with us just the same as he did when he was alive.

Considering all the circumstances connected with this subject, I cannot help but believe that my father was resurrected the day that we held our cemetery meeting.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN DUSKIES

Driven to the wilderness,
Twelve hundred miles from home,
Into a dreary desert land
Where red-men used to roam.
Destitute of everything
And not a friend on earth,
Except their Heavenly Parents,
Who gave to them their birth.
Surrounded by the "duskies,"
'Mid fierce and savage beast,
Who came in swarms around them
As though to have a feast.
But when they sensed conditions
They sadly walked away,
As if to say, "God pity you,
We'll call some other day!

The first winter spent by the pioneers in Salt Lake Valley was a quiet one. The surrounding tribes of Indians were on their good behavior, as far as the new comers were concerned, although at war with each other. The victorious parties during such wars scalped all the warriors whom they captured or killed. Their custom was to

hang these scalps to their scalp-poles, which they took great pride in exhibiting. The brave that could show the greatest number was considered the greatest Indian of them all.

The young women and children were held as slaves, and sometimes treated in the most cruel manner. The red men were not long in learning that the Saints were a tender-hearted people, and could not witness such scenes without sympathizing to the uttermost with those who were being tortured. Among the first accounts given by the pioneers of this barbaric treatment is one found in Mary Ellen Kimball's journal of 1847, of which the following is a brief extract:

There were a number of Indians camped near the hot springs, north of the fort. They had with them a little girl that had been captured from another tribe. They offered to trade her for a rifle. Fire arms were scarce with the pioneers; besides it was not good policy to arm these cruel savages who might at any time turn on those who had armed them. The Indians finally began to torture the little one, at the same time declaring they would kill her unless the rifle was forthcoming. One of our pioneer boys, Charles Decker, whose heart was wrung by witnessing such cruelty, very reluctantly parted with his only gun. He took the little girl home, and gave her to his sister, Clara D. Young.

They named her Sally, and she lived in the family of President Brigham Young until she had grown to womanhood. Afterwards she married a noble and friendly Pauvante chief named Kanosh. She made him a good wife, and did much towards civilizing him. He joined the "Mormon" Church and died a faithful Latter-day Saint. That winter several other pappooses were purchased under similar circumstances. The Indians lost no time in circulating the news; consequently the market was soon over-run with captive children. The redskins continued to torture them in the presence of the Saints, and to put a stop to this unnecessary cruelty the pioneers made great sacrifices, in order to purchase these innocent sufferers. Enoch Reese bought three, President Woodruff, three. The Kimball family rescued three by purchase. In fact, all leading families that could possibly spare the means traded for one or more. Once in a while the big-hearted merchant, Thomas S. Williams, would load a pack train with Indian trinkets, which he traded to the different tribes for captive pappooses. For a reasonable amount he sold them to the settlers. He presented to his daughter, Mrs. David P. Kimball, a handsome little girl by the name of Viroque. She became a first-

class housekeeper, and, when grown, married a much respected white man, and had one child by him. She was of the Piede tribe, located south of the Colorado river. William H. Kimball traded a horse for a little boy he named Dave. A year or two later, the child's mother, while passing through Salt Lake, happened to discover her long-lost child. She was so overjoyed at finding him that William's heart was touched, and he let her have her darling boy. In later years the lad became prominent among the people of his tribe and was the means of saving Mr. Kimball's life, while the latter was out in the mountains surrounded by hostile Indians. Dave finally became chief of his tribe, and is now living on the Indian farm in Skull Valley. He still goes by the name of Dave Kimball, and never fails to visit the older members of the Kimball family when he comes to Salt Lake.

The following is from President Brigham Young's journal, which goes to show how little regard the red men had for their slaves:

The Utah Indian Chief Walker died at Meadow Creek, Janury 29, 1855, of lung fever. His brother, Arrowpene, was made chief. When Walker was very sick he told his band to kill Pa-Utes and horses, thinking that would alleviate his suffering, but when he had killed two Pa-Ute children,

he was not relieved. When nearly dead he told his people not to kill any horses or Pa-Utes at his death. After ten days illness, he died, and the Indians killed two Pa-Ute squaws, three children, a boy of twenty, and twenty horses.

Walker's warriors built a stone wall around his grave, and put two pappooses inside of the inclosure to be servants to the deceased chief after he had reached the happy hunting ground. The settlers in that neighborhood could hear the children crying and moaning day and night until they died for want of food and water. They dared not go near the place, as such a move would probably have brought death to them all. The traffic in pappooses was kept up for a number of years. The Latter-day Saints finally convinced the Indians that the Great Spirit was displeased with them, on account of this cruel treatment to their captives, and the custom gradually died out.

Civilization was hard on these purchased children, and most of them died young, although a number, mostly males, are still living. The females made good housekeepers, and the males were quite industrious, doing their share of outside work. After they became civilized they naturally despised their own people. Most of them were honest and virtuous, but the boys loved "fire water."

Rocky Mountain Duskies

For several years after the pioneers arrived in the valley, the Indians camped on the hill just back of W. S. McCornick's residence. When any one of their number died, they made the nights hideous with their yells, moans and groans. They hacked their limbs with knives and sharp rocks, torturing themselves in various ways. Their principal burying ground, in the neighborhood of Salt Lake, was just north and west of where the Lafayette school house is now located. Hundreds of skeletons were unearthed in that vicinity by the citizens, who reburied them in a more suitable place. The Indians were very impudent, and stole almost everything they could lay their hands on, even packing off stray children, once in a while. The new comers had to use a great deal of wisdom and patience to prevent the Indians from going on the war path. The authorities were continually warning the Saints against doing anything that would cause a rupture.

Those were days of trials and treaties. These treaties were made in different parts of the territory, but most generally in Salt Lake City. When the chiefs came to the latter place, for that purpose, they generally camped on the 16th ward square. Sometimes, during the early fifties, they camped

on the vacant lot west of where the Gardo House stands. Dimick B. Huntington nearly always acted as interpreter, as he spoke the Indian language fluently, and was well liked by the red men. His house was generally crowded with Indians from one year's end to another. Those were busy and trying times for Uncle Dimick. The settlers had more trouble with the Utes, under Chief Walker, than with any other tribe. He was a terror to the Indians as well as the whites, and was always fomenting trouble. The following note from President Young to Chief Walker shows how honorable and patient the authorities were with this blood-thirsty savage, as well as with other rebellious chiefs:

Great Salt Lake City, July 25, 1853.

Captain Walker:—I send you some tobacco for you to smoke in the mountains when you get lonesome. You are a fool for fighting your best friends and only friends that you have in the world. Everybody else would kill you if they could get a chance. If you get hungry send some friendly Indians down to the settlements and we will give you some beef-cattle and flour. If you are afraid of the tobacco which I send you, you can let some of your prisoners try it first and then you will know that it is good. When you get good natured again I would like to see you. Don't you think you would be ashamed? You know that I have always been your friend.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Rocky Mountain Duskies

Many times our pioneer boys have taken their lives in their own hands while carrying messages into the stronghold of hostile Indians. There were many honest and noble chiefs among the surrounding tribes. Among them were Washakie, chief of the Shoshones; Souiette, king of the Utah nation; and Kanosh, chief of the Pauvantes. It was no unusual sight, in those days, to see Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, and other leading men, sitting around in a circle with twelve or fifteen chiefs, smoking the pipe of peace. While the smoking was going on they crossed their legs, Indian fashion, as they sat on the grass. Hours would first be spent in going over in detail all important matters pertaining to their troubles. When they arrived at an understanding, an old-fashioned clay-pipe was brought forth and filled with tobacco. The smoking would then commence in earnest. The pipe was passed from one to another, and each one in his turn took several good whiffs. Before it had gotten around, they would have to refill it several times, as some of the red-skins would keep it until they were almost lost in smoke. After the council of peace was dissolved, the gathering always wound up with a big feast, which frequently took place on the 16th ward square, in front of Uncle Dim-

ick's residence. A couple of beef steers were generally killed for the occasion, cut into chunks, and put into two or three large kettles. After the meat had been boiled, a couple of wagon loads of bread, vegetables, and other eatables, were dumped out on to the grass. Then the pow-wow commenced. All the male Indians for miles around came together, and the feast lasted as long as any food remained. The chiefs then returned to their wigwam homes, with a broad smile on their faces that made the onlookers rejoice. The authorities would then send to the Indians' headquarters several beef cattle, some loads of flour, tobacco, calico, and trinkets of various kinds. Peace then reigned supreme, as far as that tribe was concerned, until they ran out of supplies. The war whoop came next, then another treaty, pipe of peace, big feast, more supplies, broad smiles, and so it continued from year to year.

The events witnessed by the pioneers, during the early years after entering these valleys, became so commonplace that they caused little comment, consequently no written record of them was kept. The art of photography was in its infancy, hence only a few pictures of these early-day scenes were taken. Doubtless it will be interesting to the readers to learn more about the customs and

habits of the Indians at the time civilization first broke in upon their wild lives and surroundings.

The Indian wigwams were curious-looking habitations. They were constructed of tent poles covered with skins of wild animals, and sewed together with thread made of sinew. Sharpened bones and other instruments served the purpose of needles. The Indians called their tents "wickiups." Their clothing was made from the skins of wild animals, and beautifully tanned. The poorer among them dressed in clothing made from rabbit skins, with the hair side out. Their bedding was made of nicely dressed skins of buffalo, bear and other wild animals. Their food consisted largely of the jerked meat of big game, such as buffalo, bear, elk and deer. They generally caught fish with seines and traps made from woven willows, but sometimes they shot them with bows and arrows. When the berries were ripe great quantities were gathered, dried and cached in dry places for winter use. Wild artichokes, segoes and other palatable roots, that grew in great abundance in the valleys and on the hillsides, were dug and used as food. Great quantities of pine nuts were gathered. What the early settlers termed a cricket and grass-hopper famine, the In-

dians could well call a cricket and grasshopper feast. When these hopping and flying insects passed over the land, many tons were gathered, dried or roasted by a slow fire, and then ground into meal. The hot cakes made from this meal at first sight looked quite savory to the new comers, but the feeling was dispelled when the wings and legs of the grasshoppers were discovered in the delicious temptation.

Bows and arrows were the Indians' principal weapons, the former being sometimes made from split mountain-sheep horn, scientifically constructed and neatly bound with sinew. The arrows were made of greasewood, or other hard wood, with sharp flints at one end, and three split feathers at the other, both ends securely fastened with sinew. The male Indians, from the gray-haired veteran to the small boy, each had a bow and quiver of arrows slung over the shoulder and hung to the back. The warriors could shoot with these almost as effectually as the ordinary man can with a gun. The younger generation of pioneer boys took great pride in fashioning after the Indians in this respect, and in some cases learned to outdo them at their own game. During the summer season it was no unusual sight to see a crowd of boys

dressed in buckskin pants and moccasins, shooting at a mark with bows and arrows. Many of them became experts at this sport. In those days Livingston, Bell & Company's store was the business part of town. It was located where the Constitution Building now stands. The clerks and sports took great pleasure in watching the Indians and white boys shoot at ten-cent pieces. The person who could hit a dime twenty paces away, won the prize. There was much interest manifested by all concerned, and quite a rivalry existed between the Indians and the boys. The Indians were very much humiliated to see Oliver Buell carrying away more dimes than any other one of the contesting parties.

The pioneers learned many valuable lessons in economy from the Indians. When the service-berries, choke-cherries and other wild fruits were ripe, many families went into the mountains, spending several days at a time, gathering berries. These were dried and put away for future use. The common garden currants were also dried and mixed with service-berries. When stewed, these made a splendid sauce. The service-berries being sweet, supplied the place of sugar—a costly luxury, which sold at one dollar a pound.

The new settlers learned the value of jerked buffalo meat. So, during the summer months, when times and circumstances permitted, they went out on the plains in parties to hunt the buffalo. Many of our brethren wore full suits of buckskin clothing. These suits became quite fashionable, and lasted for years. There were neither rich nor poor in those days; everybody knew everybody else, and though hard times knocked at many a door, the people were happy and contented.

Music was a rarity, although Uncle Dimick Huntington made lively melody with his martial band. On many an evening one could hear the boys practicing on the drums and fifes. The drums were made by Uncle Dimick. On the Fourth and Twenty-Fourth of July the people of Salt Lake were treated to lively music. About fifty wide-awake young patriots belonged to the band. When they played "Yankee Doodle" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me," the horses that were near by commenced, figuratively speaking, to walk off on their hind legs, and look for a place to jump off. There was, besides, a good brass band in town, but it was a tame affair compared to the drum and fife company.

Everybody was honest in those days,

speaking in a general way, and one could leave the doors of his house unlocked, and be gone from home a month or two at a time, and return to find everything just as it had been left.

OUR PIONEER BOYS

In early days the Lord did raise
Brave "Mormon" boys to blaze the way;
To make the bridge, to clear the ridge,
To hold the savage beast at bay.

They broke the grounds and built new towns;
They eyed the lurking red-skin thief,
O'er Indian trails they packed the mails,
And fared on bear and buffalo beef.

Rough and ready, tought but steady,
Like pure diamonds in the rough,
They rescued lives from scalping knives,
And chased the red men o'er the bluff.

O'er the plains they guarded trains,
Helping travelers on their 'way,
Through dust and heat, with blistered feet,
They never lagged or lost a day.

These heroes went, on missions sent,
To rescue pilgrims that were late;
With heavy loads, they "broke" the roads,
From Salt Lake down to Devil's Gate.

Met starving Saints, with travel faint,
Pulling hand-carts through the snow,
All through November and December;
These were dreadful days of woe.

Through drifting snow, these boys would go
With freezing pilgrims on their backs,
Through rivers deep, through slush and sleet;
And o'er the hills, they "broke" the tracks.

They climbed the heights, then sat up nights
Nursing the sick and burying dead;
Their hearts would bleed when they would feed
Poor, helpless children without bread.

With dauntless will they fought on still,
Saving the lives of all they could;
Though they could feel their strength of steel
Waning for want of needed food.

Great efforts made brought ample aid
From comrades bringing new supplies:
The strong did leap, for joy did weep,
And manly tears flowed from their eyes.

Our "minute men" have always been
On hand to answer every call;
They always went wherever sent,
In winter, summer, spring or fall.

Paving the way for a better day,
Most of the boys have passed away;
Their work well done, their victory won,
They've gone to dwell in peace alway.

There are left a few who're just as true
As the veterans who have passed away;
Let's give them cheer while they are here,
And praise the heroes while we may.

Soon after the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized, it seemed like all the evil powers of earth and hell combined had arrayed themselves against the people. For sixteen years this cruel warfare was kept up. They were driven from county to county and from state

to state, until they were utterly stripped of all earthly possessions. Even then, they were not allowed to rest until they had been driven into the wilderness, some twelve hundred miles from civilization, and there left in the midst of cruel savages and wild beasts, with starvation staring them in the face.

Most of our pioneer boys were born while their grief-stricken parents were passing through these terrible hardships. These little fellows naturally partook of the spirit with which they were surrounded, and this undoubtedly went far towards qualifying them for the hard and trying missions they were destined to fulfill later on. The majority of them were descendants of our pilgrim fathers, and their grandsires stood shoulder to shoulder with the brave patriots who made this the most glorious nation on earth.

Considering these circumstances, how could these boys be anything else than brave? After they had grown to manhood, they feared nothing; and the Indians, when doing wrong, were in constant dread of them. They were large, well-built, fine-looking men, and made a splendid appearance when dressed in their military suits of navy blue, and when mounted on their

beautiful horses. They were expert horsemen, and almost lived in their saddles. They were first-class marksmen, and always kept their powder dry and firearms in good condition. These young heroes, called "Minute Men," were organized into companies of sixty and were very much in evidence throughout this whole Rocky Mountain region, from 1847 to 1868.

Walker was the first chief to declare war against the pioneers. The first skirmish took place during the spring of 1849, in Battle Creek canyon, just southeast of Pleasant Grove. Chief Kone, called "Roman Nose," led the fight. Our boys soon routed them, killing five of Walker's Indians, and wounding several others.

For the next eighteen years our boys had plenty to do. First one tribe, and then another became hostile. Those were days that tried the souls of men. There were two powerful tribes in the north, Bannocks and Shoshones. On the east, south and west, the Utes, Pa-Utes, Gosh Utes, Weber Utes and Pawantes, besides several other tribes.

When emigration from the old countries began to pour into Utah, the burden of pioneer life commenced to weigh heavily upon our pioneer boys' shoulders. New settle-

ments had to be built, roads and bridges made, hostile Indians subdued, and the wild beasts looked after. These responsibilities, with many others just as important, kept them moving almost continuously.

The mails were received from the east several times a year, and their infrequency almost made it appear to the pioneers that they were living in another world. Feramorz Little, Eph. Hanks, and Charley Decker, three of the bravest of pioneer boys, occasionally loaded several pack animals with mail, and took it to Laramie, where other mail carriers from the Missouri river met them. Here they exchanged mails, and then returned to their homes in the mountains. It required from forty to fifty days to make the rounds. On one occasion Eph. and Charley were caught in a fearful snowstorm, which blockaded their way for twelve days. They managed to get into a cave with their animals, where they safely remained during that time. It took ninety days to make that trip.

On another occasion their provisions gave out, and as their ammunition had become wet, they were unable to shoot game. There were plenty of fat buffalo near by, however, and they were determined to have some fresh meat, even though to obtain it

they must engage in hazardous adventure. Eph., possessing a good horse and being a born athlete, chased after a big, fat buffalo, ran his horse close to its side, then with both hands grabbed its mane, jumped astride, and while the animal was running at full speed, Eph., with all his might drove his long knife into the buffalo's heart. This thrilling episode over, they jerked the meat and continued their journey as if nothing unusual had occurred. They were always found in the front ranks facing any danger that threatened the Latter-day Saints. During the winter of 1850, we found them in company with about one hundred of their comrades fighting hostile Indians on the banks of the Provo river. The redskins were strongly entrenched behind a breastwork of cottonwood trees, and in possession of a double log house which stood near by. They were well armed and made a stubborn fight. Little headway was made by the boys the first day. The snow was deep and crusted, giving the savages every advantage. Captain Geo. D. Grant soon discovered that nothing could be accomplished until the red-skins were routed from their stronghold, which seemed impregnable; so he made up his mind to capture the house at all hazards. He, therefore, ordered

Lieutenant William H. Kimball to select fifteen men, charge upon the house, and take possession. Among the heroes chosen, were Eph. Hanks, Lot Smith, Robert T. Burton, Orson K. Whitney, James Ferguson, John R. Murdock, A. J. Pendleton, Barney Ward, Henry Johnson, Isham Flyn, and five others whose names are unknown. They were mounted on good horses, and soon after the word was given to charge they were in possession of the double log house. When the savages saw them coming they scampered away in double quick time, after deliberately emptying their guns at the approaching enemy. The shower of cold lead from the red-skins' guns flew around the boys thick and fast. Nearly every one of their horses was killed. The men's clothing was riddled and torn with bullets. Several of the boys were wounded before they reached the house. That night the savages retreated in two different directions, leaving their dead and wounded behind. The next morning the minute men followed the Indians. They were overtaken, and another battle ensued. Upwards of fifty redskin warriors were killed during the three days' fight; the balance of their number escaped. Chief Big Elk, one of Chief Walker's leading generals in com-

mand, afterwards died from the effects of wounds received during the second day's engagement. Our boys lost only one man, Joseph Higbee, who was killed the first day.

The Goshutes, of Tooele county, had for several years been killing the settlers, driving off stock and committing all kinds of depredations. Their headquarters was located in Skull Valley; but when the Indians were in mischief they hid in the Cedar Mountains, some twenty-five or thirty miles farther west.

During the summer of 1851, a company of minute men volunteered to enter the stronghold of these bloodthirsty savages, and administer to them a lesson which it was believed they would never forget. The boys were not long in finding them. Early one morning they charged into their hiding place and annihilated nearly every warrior in the camp. They found tons of jerked beef prepared from stolen cattle.

The boys were so busy during those troublous times that they found no time to keep a record of the number of Indians killed nor even the names of their comrades who participated in these battles. Among those who accompanied this expedition were Geo. D. Grant, Wm. H. Kimball, Robert T. Burton, Rodney Badger, Nathaniel V. Jones,

Wm. McBride, James M. Barlow, John Wakely, Charles Westover, and Jesse Terpin. There were many friendly Goshutes who took no part in plundering the newcomers, and who were living in Skull Valley when this trouble occurred. The authorities were continually pleading with the Indians to cease from their murderous and thievish work. They held out to them a blessing in one hand or a whip in the other.

With all the advantages the Indians possessed in the three battles during 1849-50 and 51, in which so many Indians were killed, it is remarkable that our brave "Mormon" boys lost but one man. The savages undoubtedly came to the conclusion that the minute men were guarded by an unseen power, as it was almost impossible for the Indians to shoot straight enough to hit them, though they had no difficulty in killing their horses. After these conflicts the red-skins were afraid to fight the boys in the open, and therefore, after committing their depredations, they always made a break for the mountains. What fighting they then did was from ambush, which method presented a difficult problem to the whites. The minute men were then compelled to adopt a new system of fighting which they learned by continually braving

the terrible dangers that threatened them on all sides.

The Indians were great strategists, and were always lurking around watching for an opportunity to take advantage of those who lived in the border settlements. They first attacked towns of less importance, so as to draw the boys in that direction. Then made raids on settlements of greater importance, killing men, women and children, and driving off large herds of stock. As soon as the authorities were made acquainted with these facts, they would dispatch a company or two of these "minute men" to their rescue. When the boys reached these settlements, they gathered the stock that the Indians had left, and moved the settlers to the larger settlements where they could receive proper care.

Before starting on long and hazardous expeditions, their mothers and sisters baked for them plenty of hardtack. While this work was going on, the boys would kill a beef steer, or, in some instances, a family's last milch cow, cut the meat into thin slices, dip them into brine, and hang them in the sun to dry. This they called jerked beef. They filled their sacks with this dried meat, and hardtack, and this generally constituted their bill of fare until they returned. Their

loving parents, who were old, bent and gray, from the hardships which they had passed through, would then place their trembling hands upon the boys' heads, and, in the name of the Lord, give them a parents' farewell blessing, between sobs and broken accents, while tears trickled down their hollowed cheeks. After these affectionate partings had taken place, the young braves met with their superior officers, to receive their final instructions. Within twenty-four hours from the time they were notified to be ready, they had their supplies lashed to their pack animals, and were in their saddles and off.

They took the trail of the red-skin thieves, who sometimes had several days the start of them, with perhaps three or four hundred head of stolen stock. The men were always mounted on good horses, and the Indians knew what to expect if they were overtaken. The boys would follow them for hundreds of miles, over rocks, rivers, deserts, mountains, and through heavy underbrush that almost tore the clothing from their bodies. When night came a heavy guard was placed around their animals, in addition to camp and picket guard. This was very trying on them after riding thirty-five or forty miles a day, over a rough country, through the hot sun of summer, or the cold

weather of winter. They were often so worn out that they were obliged to resort to all kinds of schemes to keep from going to sleep while on duty. The picket guard was the most trying of the three, as the men were stationed about a mile from camp in the different mountain passes that they knew the Indians would be compelled to take before attacking the camp, or stampeding their horses.

Here the men would lay flat on the ground for hours at a time, listening and watching for Indians. They scarcely ever built fires, on such occasions, since the smoke by day, or the light by night, might reveal to the red men their whereabouts. Their covering at night generally consisted of their damp saddle blankets, with their saddles for pillows.

Every fifteen or twenty miles, or when they found a favorable place, it was the custom of the Indians to divide their herds of stolen stock, and drive the animals so divided in two different directions. This they repeated as long as there were any stock to divide. The men kept together and followed the most favorable trail, until they reached the end of their journey.

It always tested the mettle of the boys when they were compelled to swim rivers,

during cold weather. Sometimes, while fording treacherous mountain streams during high water, a horse lost its footing, and both rider and horse were carried down stream, never to be seen again.

When they ran short of provisions they killed wild game and jerked the meat. Once in a while, they entered barren regions, where game was not found. Then they were compelled to live on the meat of their faithful saddle animals. When they were thus obliged to kill the horses that had carried them so many thousands of miles, under the most trying circumstances, it almost broke their hearts.

Sometimes they were compelled to follow narrow and dangerous trails for miles, single file, through box canyons, where the savages could have dropped rocks on their heads as they passed by. Often they were strung out so far that the Indians could have attacked the front ranks without the knowledge of those in the rear. At night signal fires could be seen on the tops of mountains, along their route, made by the Indians to warn their red-skin friends of approaching danger. The boys fully realized that nothing but an overruling Power could bring them through such places alive. They had great faith in the blessings and prom-

ises made in the name of the Lord by their parents before leaving home. They were naturally of a religious turn of mind, and though they often remarked that their parents did the praying while they did the fighting, they never failed to attend to their secret prayers.

It sometimes happened, after following the red men for hundreds of miles, that the boys found for their pains only four or five head of tired out cattle, and no signs of Indians. The men then killed the cattle, jerked the meat, and started for home, sore, stiff, and disappointed.

On the return home from these long and hard expeditions, their parents hardly knew them, they were so reduced in flesh, and their clothing was so badly worn and torn. It often happened that before they had been home long enough to get needed rest they were called in other directions, to chase after other hostile bands of Indians, or perhaps were sent out on the plains to guard emigrants who often designated them as their guardian angels.

During the fall and winter of 1856, many of the boys passed through hardships that few persons could have endured. This was the hand-cart season, when so many emigrants perished from cold and hunger. The

last hand-cart company that season, numbering about six hundred, were rescued by a party of these young heroes on the Sweetwater, near where it flows through Devil's Gate, Wyoming. Nearly one-third of these pilgrims died before reaching Salt Lake Valley. Three of our brave young men, under twenty years of age, carried on their backs upwards of five hundred of these freezing people across the Sweetwater river, breaking the ice before them as they waded from shore to shore. At that time they contracted colds that finally terminated in their deaths. When President Brigham Young heard of this heroic act, he wept like a child, and declared that this act alone would immortalize them. Their names are, George W. Grant, C. Allen Huntington, and David P. Kimball.

It would take volumes to place properly before the people all the heroic acts performed by our early day pioneer boys. They were instruments in the hands of the Lord in making it possible for the thousands of emigrants, who came to Utah in early days, to dwell in peace in these valleys of the mountains. These boys were naturally intelligent, honest, truthful, virtuous, God-fearing and as tender-hearted as chidren. Of course, they were somewhat rough, as

they had but little time to attend school, and to enjoy the comforts of home life. Most of them were good story-tellers, and could almost make one's hair stand on end, while relating their experiences. They were a cheerful lot of fellows, under the most trying circumstances, and not a word of complaint was ever heard to come from their lips.

It is remarkable, in view of conditions, how few of them lost their lives, either in Indian fights or by accident. It seemed like the powers of heaven were watching over them. Hundreds of times they took their lives in their own hands, while braving the dangers they were almost constantly passing through. They did their work cheerfully and without remuneration. The most of them performed foreign missions, and were very successful in bringing souls to repentance.

This generation of Latter-day Saints will never fully appreciate what our pioneer boys have done towards the establishment of the Church in these valleys, and the founding of homes, until the books spoken of in John the Revelator shall have been opened. When the dead, small and great, shall stand before God, to be judged according to their works, these brave "Mormon" boys, a few of whom

are still with us, will undoubtedly be found in the front ranks among the noble and great ones "which came out of great tribulation."

A HAZARDOUS JOURNEY

[The following is a very interesting account of one of those frequent pioneer trips taken by President Brigham Young while engaged in the founding of settlements in these valleys of the mountains. It is doubly entertaining because written by a son of Heber C. Kimball, Brigham's right hand man. Solomon F. Kimball was at that time a lad of seventeen, and has a special and vivid recollection of the particular journey described herein. He states that the object of going so early in the season was to comply with the wishes of Apostle C. C. Rich who had been chosen by President Young to supervise the settling of Bear Lake Valley, and who was anxious that President Young should come early to aid him in selecting townsites, so that the settlers could get at their work of building and farming.—Editors of Improvement Era.]

The Saints from all nations were wending their way
To the tops of the mountains of Ephraim to stay;
And thousands of pilgrims were pressed to the wall,
As the borders of Zion were growing too small.
Our leaders all ready to make a new stake,
Then hitched up their teams for a trip to Bear Lake;
To the land of the blizzard, the home of the deer,
Through mud and through torrents they drove without fear.
O'er mountains and valleys, through canyons and brush,
They plodded right on through snowdrifts and slush;
While ox teams from Paris, with drivers galore,
Came aiding our leaders all jaded and sore.

With townsites selected in care of wise men,
Provisions exhausted, they rushed back again;
Then ere they had rested decided to take
A trip to the land of the lizard and snake.
Year in and year out they continued to toil,
In teaching the Saints to bring wealth from the soil;
Hurrah for our leaders, the Prophets of God!
We'll hold up their hands and we'll hang to the rod!

The rising generation know but little of the hardships endured in early days by the leading men of this Church, while they were helping the poor Saints to establish themselves in these valleys. In order to make plain to them at least one phase of this subject it will only be necessary to give a brief account of President Young and party's first visit to the Bear Lake country.

On Monday morning, May 16, 1864, at 8:30 o'clock, this little company drove out of Salt Lake City on its journey. It consisted of six light vehicles and a baggage wagon, occupied by the following persons: Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, John Taylor, Geo. A. Smith, Wilford Woodruff, Joseph Young, John R. Winder, Jesse W. Fox, Professor Thomas Ellerbeck, George D. Watt, reporter, and seven teamsters. They reached Franklin, Idaho, on the afternoon of the third day, and by that time had increased their number to one hundred and

fifty-three men, eighty-six of whom were riding in vehicles, the balance being picked men, mounted on good horses for assisting the company on the way. There were no houses between Franklin and Paris, Idaho, consequently the program was to drive directly through in one day if possible.

The fourth morning they got an early start, and drove almost to Mink Creek without accident. Here Brother George A. Smith's carriage broke down, but as good luck would have it, the brethren from Cache Valley had brought a light wagon along in case of such an emergency. The company were soon on the way again, as though nothing had happened.

They reached the foot of the big mountain which divides Cache Valley from Bear Lake Valley, and here is where the tug of war began. The mountain was so steep that all were compelled to walk except Apostle Smith, who was so heavy that it would have been dangerous for him to undertake it, as he weighed nearly three hundred pounds. The mounted men soon had extra horses harnessed and hitched to singletrees, and President Young and others, who were too heavy to help themselves, took hold of these singletrees with both hands and were helped up the mountain.

Apostle Charles C. Rich and others, who had settled in the Bear Lake Valley the fall before, came to their assistance with all the ox teams that could be mustered. Several yokes were hitched to Brother George A. Smith's wagon, and he was hauled up the mountain, but before he reached the summit his wagon was so badly broken that he was compelled to abandon it. Everybody had a good laugh over the incident, it being the second vehicle broken down under his weight that day. With careful management under the supervision of President Young and council, the brethren managed to get him onto the largest saddle horse that could be found, and another start was made.

The company descended the mountain on the Bear Lake side, and soon reached the head of Pioneer Canyon, where they struck mud, mud, mud, and then some more mud. It had been raining all day, and everybody was wet through to the skin, except those who were riding in covered vehicles. Four horses were hitched to President Young's carriage, and several yoke of oxen to the baggage wagon. The majority of those who were riding in vehicles were compelled to walk on account of the trail being in such a fearful condition; and to see that presidential procession waddling through the

deep mud was enough to make any living thing smile. It was the muddiest outfit ever seen in that part of the country.

Professor Ellerbeck undertook to cross the creek on a pole, and slipped off into the mud and water, and was a sad looking sight after he had been pulled out. Many others passed through a similar experience that day. It was a case of every fellow for himself, some going one way and some another, the majority of them taking to the sidehills. Several times President Young's horses mired down to their sides, but with careful management they got through all right.

President Kimball, who was handling his own team that afternoon, undertook to drive around one of these bad places, and had not gone far when his horses struck a soft spot and sank almost out of sight in the mud. Here is where the mounted men were of service again. They soon had Brother Kimball's horses unhitched from the carriage, and long ropes fastened around their necks. Then about thirty men got hold of the ropes and pulled the horses out bodily, dragging them several rods before they could get upon their feet. The carriage was then pulled out.

President Young, who was in the lead, made another start, and had not gone far

when one of the horsemen brought word that Brother George A. Smith's horse had given out, and that they were obliged to build a scaffold in order to get him onto another one. This amusing story caused the authorities to have another laughing spell at Brother Smith's expense.

This canyon is about four miles long, and it was a mud hole from beginning to end. The party reached the mouth of it at nine o'clock at night, and remained there long enough to rest and feed their animals. It was a cold night and the men made bonfires to keep themselves warm and dry their clothing.

About ten o'clock the company continued their journey. They drove down in the valley until they came to a small stream called Canal Creek. It was so narrow and deep that they had to jump their horses across it, and then get their vehicles over the best way they could.

They arrived at the city of Paris at 3 o'clock the next morning, but were unable to see it until they had reached the top of a small hill in the center of town. It consisted of thirty-four log huts with dirt roofs, but they looked good just the same.

The Bear Lakers had caught a wagon load of beautiful trout in honor of the oc-

casion, and had plenty of good, fresh butter to fry them in; and what a feast the brethren did have after living on hope and mud for twenty-four hours! Sister Stocks and daughter did the cooking for the authorities, and it kept them busy as long as the party remained there.

The next twenty-four hours were spent in resting, as everybody was worn out; although Professor Ellerbeck took some scientific observations that day, probably the first that had ever been taken in that valley. The next day the company drove over to the lake, and spent several hours at a point where Fish Haven is now located. They returned to Paris that evening. The next day, being Sunday, they held an outdoor meeting in the forenoon. The speakers were President Young, who delivered the accompanying remarks, and Elders Heber C. Kimball, John Taylor and George A. Smith.

Considerable merriment was afterwards had over the question of whether Brother Smith should return home with the company or remain at Paris until the mud had dried up. However, the decision was that he return home with the company, on conditions that Brother Rich furnish ox teams to haul him through the mud, and to the summit of the mountain. This Elder Rich, who was the

pioneer of Bear Lake Valley, consented to do, and at 3 p.m. the presidential party started for home. In the meantime, Canal Creek had been bridged over, and good time was made through the valley. They reached the mouth of Pioneer Canyon at dark, and camped for the night.

The next morning at 5 o'clock they continued their journey homeward. Brother Rich had more than kept his promise. He furnished two yoke of oxen for President Young's carriage, and four yoke for the baggage wagon, the latter being solely occupied by Brother George A. Smith, who had a smile on his countenance that made all who beheld it feel good through and through. These were the only vehicles drawn by ox teams. They followed the road through the mud, while the lighter vehicles, drawn by horses, hugged the sidehills, which were so steep that the brethren had to lash poles to the carriage beds, and bear down on the upper end of the poles to prevent the carriages from tipping over. This plan worked like a charm, and by nine o'clock the company had reached the summit of the mountain. Notwithstanding it rained hard all that day, the party reached Franklin about five o'clock that evening, and three days later they arrived home. They had been absent from

home eleven days, and within that time had traveled four hundred miles, besides holding meetings at all the principal settlements along the route, both going and coming. They also selected several townsites.

Not long after their return home, they started on another journey to St. George, going via Pine Valley and returning via Toquerville. They left the main road here, and visited all settlements on the Rio Virgin river. They also visited the principal settlements of Sanpete Valley, and were gone from home about five weeks, and had traveled upwards of one thousand miles.

President Young was heard to say that he had traveled that summer not less than three thousand miles, and that this was a fair average of what had been traveled by himself and company during many other seasons. On one occasion they took boats along with them, in order to ferry such streams as the Snake and Salmon rivers.

Remarks by President Brigham Young, Sunday, 22nd May, 1864.

At 10 a. m. a congregation collected opposite Elder Charles C. Rich's dwelling, at Paris, Bear Lake Valley. Singing. Prayer

by Elder Wilford Woodruff, when President Brigham Young said:

I do not design to preach, but merely to express my feelings in regard to this valley. We find it to be a very excellent valley, as far as we can judge from present appearances. It is a fine place to settle and raise grain, to build houses, make farms, set out orchards, raise fruits and all the necessaries of life to make ourselves happy here as well as in other places. Elder Charles C. Rich, one of the Twelve Apostles, has been appointed to dictate the settlement of this valley. We wish to have the brethren abide his counsel, and if he needs instructions he will receive them from the proper source. We wish to see the brethren willing and obedient, for the Lord will have a people of this description, and if we are not prepared to build up his kingdom in the way he has devised, others will be called in who will do it. If we are willing to do this, we will commence at home to cultivate our minds, and govern our actions before each other, and before heaven; if we do not do this our labors to build up the kingdom of God will be of little service. Self-culture should be as strenuously attended to in this valley as at the central point of the gathering of the Saints.

There are many advantages in this country, and we shall extend our settlements up and down the shores of this beautiful lake of water. I suppose we must be some seventy-five to one hundred miles nearer to the South Pass than Salt Lake City is. Our emigration, destined for this valley, will come at once to this point, and probably many will come in this season. This settlement is near the central point of this valley. I might just as well call this the central point, as

on the other side of the river we have the farm-facilities that perhaps cannot be found in such abundance on the other side of the river for the support of a great city. I understand the legislature has named this settlement Paris, and I am satisfied with the name. The place south of this, about seven miles, I propose to call St. Charles, and it would suit me to have the county seat there. The business of the valley will be done at St. Charles whether Brother Rich lives here or there, or whether the High Council is held here or there. (It was then unanimously voted that the settlement be called St. Charles.) The city, town, or village that will be built there, I request the people to build on the south side of the creek; you may call it big water, tall water, large water, big creek, or pleasant water, or rich water.

The people here need a surveyor. We have young men who can learn in one week to survey this valley sufficiently accurate to be agreeable to all parties, and assure every purpose that can be desired. As to whether we are in Utah Territory or Idaho Territory, I think we are now in Idaho. I have no doubt of it, and the greater part of those who settle in this valley will be in that territory.

Let me here offer a caution to you Latter-day Saints. Men will hunt for your stock. Brethren have come here who have been asked to come, and some have fled from the influence of rule and good order, and when they find it here, they will probably want to go to some other place where they expect to be exempt from paying taxes or tithing and be from under the influence of a bishop, and where, if they should take a notion to shade a beef creature it will not be known.

We should learn that we cannot live in safety without law. There is no being in the heavens

that is able to live and endure without law; it is the purity of the law that preserves the heavenly hosts, and they strictly abide it. I know what those people are here for, and their object, if any, has been to come to this valley for an impure purpose. You will know it, and if they are not here yet, they will come and settle on your borders from Franklin, Weber, Box Elder, and other places, and they will branch out and want to get beyond everybody else, and if there is any beef upon the range, they will want to have the privilege of butchering it, and of using it up. Every good person wants to live under the protection of law and order.

I wish to say to the heads of families, here or elsewhere, be sure to have your prayers morning and evening. If you forget your prayers this morning you will forget them tonight, very likely, and if you cease to pray you will be very apt to forget God. A true-hearted Saint loves to pray before his family, and he loves to have it known that his heart is for God, and he is not afraid if all the world knows it.

Build mills to facilitate the building up of your towns and settlements, and let there be no selfish monopoly in this. Let the brethren not burn away any of the timber that will make lumber, but bring it down to your mills and saw it up for your fences, to build your houses, and make improvements of the best kind. My opinion is that the adobe is the best building material, if it can be well protected from moisture, which is an easy matter when plenty of lumber is to be had; and when they have stood one year, they are prepared to stand five hundred years as well as not. When you build your permanent dwellings, build nice, commodious habitations, and make your improvements as fast as you can.

A Hazardous Journey

When you have gotten your crops in this season, and find a little leisure time, turn your attention to making a road from here to Ogden Valley, which will save fifty miles, that is the true route to go, and make your roads as speedily as possible.

When you form your settlements, get together pretty close, let there be at least ten families on ten acres of ground. When you start to build upon a block, (Brother Charles C. Rich, please remember this), have the brethren build upon the block until every lot is occupied before you touch another. Then if you should be attacked by Indians, one scream will arouse the whole block. Get out these beautiful poles to fence with. I see no cedar here, but there is red pine, and it is almost as good for posts as cedar. This we have proved to our own satisfaction. Make your fences strong and high at once, for to commence a fence with three poles it teaches your cows and other stock to be breachy. They learn to jump a three-pole fence. You add another pole, and that is soon mastered; you add another, and they will try that. Thus stock is trained to leap fences which would otherwise be sufficient to turn them.

I say again, with regard to saw-mills, get every man who can build a saw-mill, for boards the proper width and thickness make the cheapest fence you can have. Make your improvements, and do all you can.

Be sure that you do not let your little children go away from this settlement to herd cattle or sheep, but keep them at home. Send them to school; neither suffer them to wander in the mountains. When the brethren go into the mountains after timber, instead of going alone and unarmed, let a few go together and labor together

to assist each other in times of difficulty. If you go alone, you may be left to perish.

The brethren may argue that the Lord is all sufficient to take care of them, but do you know what faith is, and do you feel the labor and responsibility that is upon you to help yourself and others? When you are in imminent danger, do you exercise faith to preserve yourself and friends from the vengeance of deadly enemies? If you do not, get faith, you will then know what the labor is. Three of our brethren went out on the lake yesterday, in a small boat. The wind began to blow from the south. Had it not been for the faith of their brethren, and their own exertions, very likely, they would have been drowned, or would have drifted to the opposite side of the lake, and starved to death, or suffered greatly before help could have reached them. They were reckless, and unconcerned, and apparently their lives are of no worth in their own estimation. It is our duty to preserve our lives as long as possible. Fathers, take warning, numerous thieves have been raised on the herd grounds around our settlements. Some of them go to California, and others suffer the vengeance of an outraged law.

Keep your children in school, and let every father and mother make their homes so interesting that their children will never want to leave it. Make your houses and homes pleasant with foliage and beautiful gardens, with the fragrance and variegated colors of flowers, and fruit blossoms, and, above all, teach them always to remember that God must be in all our thoughts, and that from him proceeds every good thing.

President Heber C. Kimball, George A.

Smith and John Taylor followed the president in much the same strain, and the meeting was dismissed by prayer, Brother George A. Smith being mouth.

ANTELOPE ISLAND

How grand to be
On the inland sea;
It makes one feel so young and free;
The weather fair,
With sweet, pure air,
One feels a heavenly spirit there.

The sun's warm rays
O'er island bays,
Robes every hill with verdant haze;
So truly real
It makes one feel
As though in prayer they want to kneel.

Beautiful isles
Stretching for miles,
With rugged hills 'mid nature's wilds;
Antelope so free,
The gem of the sea,
It's where God's Prophets used to be.

In early days Antelope Island was considered one of our most desirable pleasure resorts, and many happy hours were spent there by our late President Brigham Young and his most intimate associates. When

he visited the island it was generally for a two-fold purpose, business and pleasure.

The first white man that lived on the island, as far as our knowledge goes, was an old mountaineer who was called "Daddy" Stump. After him came Fielding Garr, who had charge of the Church stock. He moved them there in 1849, and remained in charge of the animals as long as he lived. He built the old church house and corral, a part of which remains there until this day.

Presidents Young and Kimball moved their horses and sheep there several years later, placing them in charge of Joseph Toronto and Peter O. Hanson. Several times they visited the island themselves. In the summer of 1856, they, in company with several of their family, spent two or three days there. The lake was quite high at the time, and both Toronto and Hanson met them at the lake shore with a boat and rowed them over, while the teams forded it. The time was pleasantly spent in driving over the island and in visiting places of interest,—bathing, boat-riding and inspecting their horses and sheep. Old "Daddy" Stump's mountain home, then deserted, was visited. They drove their carriages as near to it as possible, and walked

the remainder of the way, a distance of a half mile or more. Everything was found just as the old man had left it, and a curious conglomeration of houses, barns, sheds and corrals it was. It was located at the head of a small, open canyon, against a steep mountain. The house was made of cedar posts set upright and covered with a dirt roof. Close to it was a good spring of water. The house and barn formed a part of the corral, and just below was his orchard and garden. The peach trees were loaded with fruit, no larger than walnuts. The old man, feeling that civilization was encroaching upon his rights, had picked up his duds and driven his horses and cattle to a secluded spot in Cache Valley. The last heard of him was that a Ute squaw crept up behind him and cut his throat. The party returned to the Church ranch that evening and drove home the next day. Brother Garr died in 1855, and a year or two later Briant Stringham took charge of the stock.

In 1857, quite a romantic episode took place in Salt Lake City, terminating on Antelope Island; it stirred the four hundred of Salt Lake to the center. Thos S. Williams, then one of Salt Lake's most prosperous merchants, closed out his business, and had made extensive preparations to go East

with his family, where he expected to make his home. He had a beautiful and accomplished daughter, engaged to David P. Kimball; but, on account of their being so young, Mr. Williams would not consent to their marriage. The young couple were determined not to be thwarted in their plans, and matters became desperate with them as well as with her parents. Her father placed trusted guards over her, and she was carefully watched by them, night and day, until the hour of departure had come. That morning, in an unguarded moment, she darted out of the back door and was out of sight almost instantly. A carriage and four horsemen were in waiting for her, and, before the guards had fairly missed her, she and her intended were hurled over to Judge Elias Smith's office and were made husband and wife for all time. They then jumped into the carriage, drawn by two fiery steeds, and accompanied by four mounted guards, composed of Joseph A. Young, Heber P. Kimball, Quince Knowlton and Brigham Young, Jr., they made a dash for Antelope Island, reaching their destination in less than three hours. Here the young couple spent their honeymoon, remaining there until her father was well on his journey to the East. Not a living soul knew where

they were, except those who had aided them in their elopement, until they came out of their hiding place.

It was about the year 1860 that President Young, at the head of a select party of prominent men, visited Antelope Island again. He took all of his clerks with him, the majority of whom were good musicians. They formed a splendid string band, led by Horace K. Whitney, and many pleasant hours were spent in listening to their sweet music. The party remained there three days, enjoying a continued feast of pleasure the whole time. Much of the time was spent in boating, bathing and climbing to the topmost peaks of the island. All places of interest were visited, some riding in carriages, others on horseback, and some going afoot. Many visited the wreck of the once famous boat, Timely Gull. The heavy winds from the southeast had broken it loose from its moorings at Black Rock, two years before, and had driven it to the south end of the island and thrown it high and dry upon the rocky beach. This was the first boat of consequence that was ever sailed upon the waters of Salt Lake. When the boat was first launched, President Young, with a select party, made several excursions over the lake with it, and it was

considered to be quite a novelty in those days. The following is taken from President Young's journal of January 30, 1854:

> With a small party of friends I witnessed the launching of my boat, just below the city bridge and from the west bank of the Jordan. I christened her the Timely Gull. She is forty-five feet long and designed for a stern wheel to be propelled by horses working a treadmill, and to be used mainly to transport stock between the city and Antelope Island.

Every evening a couple of large campfires were made, and young and old alike would unite in having a genuine good time in roasting and eating meat for the evening meal. It was amusing to see the high-toned clerks and members of the Deseret Dramatic Association sitting around these fires broiling teabone and tenderloin steaks, which they had fastened to the ends of long, sharp sticks. Then with bread and butter in one hand and their meat in the other, with plenty of good milk on the side, they ate their suppers with a relish that would have made the kings and noblemen of the earth look on with envy.

Another important feature connected with this pleasure trip that made all who were not acquainted with western life look on with amazement was the display of

horsemanship. There were upwards of one thousand horses on the island, the majority of them being almost as wild as deer. Briant Stringham, who was in charge, made it a point to corral every horse on the island at least once a year. At such times they were branded, handled and looked after in a general way.

President Young had invited some of the most noted horsemen in the territory to be present on this particular occasion. They came there mounted on the best of horses to take part in the yearly round up, and they were all ready and anxious for the fray. Among them were such men as Lot Smith, Judson Stoddard, Brigham Young, Jr., Len Rice, Stephen Taylor, Ezra Clark, Heber P. Kimball, and the Ashby and Garr boys, and others, every one of whom knew the island from A to izzard. There was not one of them but could ride a bucking horse bareback, or lariat the wildest mustang on the range. President Young was not long in giving them the word to go, and there was "something doing" for the next three days.

The boys left the ranch early that morning in bunches of three, and about two hours apart. They crossed the island to the west side, and rode leisurely along until they

reached the north end, scaring up wild bands of horses as they went, and heading them that way. By that time their horses were pretty well "gaunted," and ready for the 15-mile dash that lay before them. They were island-raised, long-winded, swift-footed, and their speed on a long run was something wonderful. They had been picked from the best on the island, and their worth could only be estimated by the class of men who owned them. The moment one of these wild bands were started up, they must be kept on the run until they reached their destination, or they would scatter and run in every direction. No set of men could corral one of these bands unless they were expert horsemen, and acquainted with all the surroundings and conditions, and mounted on the best of horses.

About ten o'clock on the morning of the round-up, a dust was seen near the north end of the island. It had the appearance of a whirlwind, moving southward at the rate of about twenty-five miles an hour. Nothing could be seen but dust, until it had reached within about two miles of the house. T. B. H. Stenhouse, and other journalists, had climbed to the top of the house in order to get a full view of the approaching band. Everybody was on tiptoe, and the excite-

ment was intense. Here they came, the speediest animals in the lead, and all of them white with foam, panting like lizards. There were about seventy-five of them in all, and some of them as fine animals as could be found in any country on earth. Those present from the old countries, who had never witnessed such a scene before, stood almost paralyzed with excitement.

The enthusiasm manifested by the onlookers was so great that it almost lifted them from their feet. Before they had fairly gotten their breath and recovered from the shock, another exhibition of horsemanship presented itself before them, which almost left the first one in the shade. Four of the largest horsemen of them all, led by Lot Smith and Judson Stoddard, mounted four large and beautiful island horses, and entered the corral where the wild horses stood snorting like so many elk. Lot led the chase, with his partner close behind him, followed by Judson Stoddard and his partner. While these wild animals were on the run around the large corral, Lot threw his lariat over the front foot of one of them, and at the same moment his partner had lassoed the same animal around the neck, and, with their lariats around the horns of their saddles, had, in less than a half minute,

thrown the horse and dragged it over the soft and smooth surface of the corral, a distance of several rods, to a place where the fire and branding irons were, and in another half minute the horse was branded and turned loose. They had no more than gotten out of the way before Judson Stoddard and his partner had another horse ready for the finishing touch, and so it continued, until the band had been disposed of and turned loose on the range, to make room for the next one, that was expected at any moment. The valuable saddle horses ridden by these expert horsemen were selected from the wild bands, while on some of these long runs. It was a test that tried the mettle of every horse in the band, the horses that came out in the lead on a fifteen or twenty mile run could be depended upon as horses that were almost priceless for saddle animals, over a rough and mountainous country. That day the price of island horses rose fifty per cent, and the man who could afford to own one of these beautiful animals was considered lucky.

On the morning of the fourth day, President Young and party returned home, and those who composed the company declared without hesitation that they had had "the time of their lives," and would always look

back to this excursion to Antelope Island with the greatest of pleasure.

Antelope Island is about eighteen miles in length, and from four to six miles in width. The east side is comparatively smooth, and a good wagon road extends almost its entire length. On the west side there are many beautiful little glens, coves, and precipitous canyons, and the land is rough and rugged from one end to the other.

The wild horses that once roamed over it possessed characteristics peculiar to themselves, and in many ways seemed to be as intelligent as human beings. There were two reasons for this. In the first place, they came from good stock. The "Mormon" Church, under the direction of Fielding Garr and Briant Stringham, invested thousands of dollars in valuable stallions and brood mares, which were turned loose on the island. In the second place, they became nimble, wiry, and sure-footed by continually traveling over the rough trails of the island from the time they were foaled until they were grown. It became second nature to them to climb over the rugged mountain sides, and to jump up and down precipitous places four or five feet high. The speed which they could make while traveling over such places was simply mar-

velous. They neither stumbled nor fell, no matter how rough the country nor how fast they went. They were naturally of a kind disposition, and as gentle as lambs, after having been handled a few times. But with all of their perfections, they had a weakness that made many a man's face turn red with anger; they loved their island home, and it was hard to wean them from it. When a favorable opportunity presented itself, during the summer months, they would take the nearest cut to the island, swimming the lake wherever they happened to come to it, and keep going until they reached their destination. Lot Smith's favorite saddle horse played this trick on him several times, even taking the saddle with him on one occasion.

One of the most beautiful little nooks on the island is on the top of the mountains, about five miles from the north end. It covers nearly one square mile of ground, and slopes to the west. It is made up of low hills and shallow hollows, dotted here and there with cedar and other evergreen trees. A half mile below is a small pool of living water, the only place within five miles where one can get a good drink. This was the home of the wildest horses.

In 1870 an antelope was seen galloping over the hills with a band of wild horses.

It was probably the only one left to represent its once numerous kind. In early days, when numerous, they learned to regard the horse as their best friend. During hard winters, when the grass was deeply covered with snow, the horses out of necessity pawed the snow off the grass and ate the best of it, then moved along to pastures new. The half-starved antelope followed closely on their heels, to gather the crumbs that fell from the proverbial "table." The antelope's appreciation of this generous act was not soon forgotten, so, during the summer months, when times were good and they were feeling the benefit of the rich bunch grass that had taken effect upon their lean ribs, they felt honored to have the privilege of romping over the island with their highly esteemed friends and benefactors. On one occasion, in the early fifties, when Heber P. Kimball and companions were corralling one of these wild bands, a herd of antelope ran along with them almost to the house. Hebe, touching the flanks of his horse with his spurs, darted out towards them and lariated the fattest one in the bunch, the others then scampering off to the foothills.

Briant Stringham died in 1871, and, sad to say, after that there was no interest taken

in the island horse. There were then about five hundred, and they were allowed to run wild. For four years they never saw a human being. The Church people were anxious to get them off, and, in 1875, contracted with Chambers, White & Company, agreeing to let them have one-half of all they could deliver in Salt Lake City. These parties employed four horsemen to assist them. They shipped their outfit over to the island and began work at once. Near the north end, on the east side, they built a corral close to the lake. Ten tons of hay were stacked in the center. They built a fence from the corral to a little steep bluff, a half mile away. This formed a wing on the south side, and the lake formed one on the north. They were then ready for business. Stationing their hired men along the north end of the island, to prevent the wild horses crossing to the east side, the three contractors rode south in search of horses. They had not gone far when they discovered between sixty and seventy head grazing on a low side-hill. Keeping out of sight, until they came close in behind the horses, a signal was given and a rush made towards them. The wild animals started in the right direction, and everything seemed to work like a charm. One of the contractors, an old stage-

driver, dressed in white, who had never chased wild horses over a rough country before, got his eyes fastened upon several beautiful animals which he thought would make good stagers. With his hat in one hand, and his bridle reins in the other, he went tearing down the hill, as if the "Old Nick" himself was after him. He followed a narrow trail through sagebrush as high as his horse's back, and soon came to a place where the trail forked. He took the right hand fork and his horse took the left. He went sailing over the high sagebrush like a seagull in a whirlwind. His saddle horse was found several days later, and the old man was ready for another run by that time.

Everybody took a hand in the chase, as it meant several thousand dollars, provided this band could be corralled. The men were all excited; discipline and prearrangements were thrown to the wind. The wild horses were almost frightened to death, and were in the lead at least half a mile. They ran into the corral, around the haystack, and out of the gate. Every last one of them got away. This was a sad disappointment, and far-reaching, since an island horse was never known to be caught in the same trap twice. It seemed like all the other horses

on the island had been let into the secret, for the next day they could not find one within ten miles of there. Mr. Chambers and his companion rode around the island to scare them back, but had a hard time to find the blind trails that led north, on the west side. The country for miles around seemed to be made up of large and small boulders cropping out of the ground from one to ten inches, which made it almost impossible for valley-raised horses to travel. There was one place where they had to jump their horses up a steep cliff almost four feet high. They had to lead them for miles, the country was so exceedingly rough. Their horses went stumbling along as if foundered. Subsequently they rode around the island almost every day for two months, and became acquainted with every nook and corner. They visited old "Daddy" Stumps' home several times, and found nothing left but the old cabin. Inside was a prospector's outfit, with several weeks' provisions on hand, but no sign of any person.

When Mr. Chambers and companion were hunting for wild horses, the horses generally discovered them first, as they appeared to have their sentinels out in time of danger, while their scent was as keen as a bloodhound's, which gave them a dou-

ble advantage. When they saw one coming, the old stallion, the leader of the band, would hide his family of horses behind a clump of cedars or in some other convenient place. He would then get back of a high rock and stand upon his hind legs, resting his front feet upon the rock, peeping over so that he showed no part of his body but the top of his head. Many times they were seen doing this, as well as other tricks of a similar nature. They then watched the movements of their pursuers, and when these got disagreeably close, the horses gave the alarm, and away the animals would go, single file over the rough mountain trails, at the rate of ten miles an hour.

Another trick the horses often played was this: When they saw one coming towards them, they would run at full speed over the nearest ridge, and, just before going out of sight, would turn sharply to the right or left. Then, when well out of sight, would wheel around and run in the opposite direction. Their followers, at breakneck speed, would cut across the country to head them off, but when they reached the top of the ridge, would discover that the horses had gone the other way, and out of sight. They kept a person guessing all the time, and none

could tell what trick they would spring next.

Near the north end of the island, to the west side, is a little mountain that projects out into the lake. By following the lake shore, it was about four miles from this mountain to the corral. After the horses had been driven from the south end of the island, they generally took refuge behind this little mountain. The men ran them through the deep sand the whole distance around to the corral, and in this way captured nearly one hundred head. One day the men got about ninety wild horses behind this mountain, but, unfortunately, some of them were the same that had been corralled before but had gotten away. After they had been run through the sand to the extreme north end of the island, rather than be corralled, they lunged into the lake and swam to the promontory, some fifteen or twenty miles away.

Among the first horses caught were some of the largest and best on the island. During the month of May there came a severe snowstorm, and eighteen of the most valuable of these chilled and died. The balance were shipped to Layton and placed in a pasture, where they remained until the men had completed their work. Several of the island horses were used as saddle ani-

mals to take the place of the clumsy valley horse, which was not fit for riding over a rough country.

By the middle of June, the horses on the island were as fat and sleek as seals, and the large bands were broken up into small ones. The men worked faithfully for ten days, but never corralled a horse, and were almost discouraged. They finally adopted a new plan. There was a place on the west side where two trails paralleled each other for a mile. Apparently there was no way of crossing the island for several miles south of this point. Neither was there any way of getting around these trails, or going from one to the other. At the north end of the upper one was a natural gate formed by two large rocks. Here the men spent a week in building a stone corral. They walled up the lower trail at the south end to prevent the horses from going that way. While this work was going on, they often saw wild horses looking over the tops of high rocks at them. When their work was completed, they rode back to camp with a good deal of joy and satisfaction, feeling they had at last outwitted the cunning and crafty island horse. Bright and early the next morning they rode south, on the east side, scaring up wild bands as they went, heading them

in that direction. They also went around the south end, at the same time taking precautions to prevent the horses from crossing back to the east side. They then rode northward, visiting every nook and corner, and making a clean sweep. There was a good deal of enthusiasm among them, and excitement was at a high pitch. Their expectations were so great that they could hardly contain themselves. The majority were afraid that the corral would be too small, as they expected to capture almost every horse on the island, that day. They rode slowly along until they reached within a few hundred feet of the rock enclosure, when, with a rush and whoop, they ran their horses to the entrance. But lo and behold, all they discovered was a large horse track. A horse had deliberately walked into the corral, all around it, and then out again, and was gone! It seemed as if he had been sent there to inspect the work and report to the proper horse authorities, and that the news had been sent broadcast over the island, warning every horse of the cunning trap laid for them. Suffice it to say, every horse that had been driven around the south end of the island that day, had crossed to the east side, over a secret pass which only the horses knew.

The men were dumbfounded and disgusted with themselves, and everything connected with Antelope Island. They rode back to camp with drooped heads, and not one of them uttered a word or batted an eye. They got their outfit together and the next day were in Layton "necking" island horses and getting them ready for the final drive to Salt Lake City. To cap the climax, sixteen head of their best horses lifted their heads and tails skyward, and with several snorts, made a bee-line for the Sand Ridge. They went over fences, ditches, chicken coops and everything in front of them. Single file, they followed the railroad track, until they came to the railroad bridge over Kay's Creek. It was about one hundred feet across, with sharp-edged ties at both ends. They planted their feet squarely upon these ties, better than a man could have done, and trotted right over. Not one of them stumbled or made a misstep. A farmer's horse in the field close by became excited and undertook to follow them, but the first step he took on the sharp-edged ties, he went head over heels, and almost broke his neck. After the horses had reached the Sand Ridge northwest of Layton, all the horsemen in Davis county could not have brought them back.

The people of Kaysville stocked the island with ten thousand head of sheep. Feed became scarce, and many horses died of starvation. Adam Patterson, in 1877, purchased ten thousand acres of railroad land on the island, and the sheep were moved off that year. The Island Improvement Company obtained possession of the island, in 1884, and there were about one hundred wild horses left. They had become a nuisance, and Mr. John H. White and others went there with their long-range guns and exterminated them. Thus ended the horses of Antelope Island, once the pride of such men as Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and hundreds of others who knew the value of a good horse.

The old Church house, built by Fielding Garr, in 1849, still remains in good condition. Mr. Scott Gamble, who has charge of the company's interests, lives there now. There are twenty-four hundred acres of land fenced in, and one thousand acres under cultivation. Fifty head of buffalo and six hundred head of Hereford cattle now roam over the island. Mr. John H. White, who has had more to do with Antelope Island since the days of Brigham Young than any other man, thinks that the day is not far

distant when the west side of the island will become one of the most noted pleasure resorts in the world.

BEAR LAKE YARNS

Climb a tree, quick, here comes the Bear Lake monster?
With Joseph C. Rich astride, acting as sponsor.
Hide in the branches, well, and all stop breathing;
Finding no boys to eat, soon they'll be leaving!

Hush! through the brush they rush, all decked in sage and yellow,
Just see the horses run, just hear the cattle bellow.
Oh, Joe, you cruel foe—good riddance to the sponsor:
Just hear them blow, there they go; good-bye, you horrid monster!

The Bear Lake country, in 1869, came to the front, but more settlers were needed. One hundred young and middle-aged men were called from Salt Lake to go there and assist in its upbuilding. The first company left in July, and was composed of eight young men, from sixteen to twenty-three years of age, each of whom had a team and wagon loaded with supplies. They wore "Shelmedine" hats, that had been wet and stretched to a peak a foot long. They were

dubbed along the route, "The Peaked Hat Company."

When they reached the toll gate, in Ogden canyon, they passed the word along that the captain of the company was in the last wagon, and that he would pay the toll. When the captain drove up he told the gatekeeper that it was a mistake, and all meant as a joke; that there was no captain, but it did not work. The keeper took from his wagon bacon, beans, candles and such other articles as were needed at the toll gate; and with a wave of the hand ordered him to move on.

Three days later they reached Round Valley, at the south end of Bear Lake. They found the surrounding country just as nature had left it, and a more beautiful spot could not be imagined. Here they pitched their tents, since they seemed to want nothing better. Next day they measured the whole valley and divided it among themselves. Several days were spent in looking over their possessions, which comprised the whole country for miles around, including a good portion of the lake. They found the sage-hen, prairie-chicken, and wild duck, so gentle one could tap them on the head with a stick; while the Bear Lake trout were climbing over each other to get to

a place where they could be caught. The wolverine, gray wolf, and mountain lion were so neighborly that they made the nights hideous with their yells; while the grizzly, cinnamon and black bear with their young, passed by their camp without fear. Over their hilly forests, feeding on luxuriant bunch grass and wild oats, roamed the antelope, elk and deer at will. There was no place on earth where the birds sang sweeter, and all nature seemed to smile.

Their evenings were pleasantly spent with the banjo around the cheerful campfire, in singing songs, dancing jigs, and telling yarns. They generally wound up with, "Angeline, the Baker," with cow-bell and tin-pan accompaniment, that could be heard for miles around. The majority of them had never been absent from home before, and were like colts turned loose on the range. These young men, like the beaver, began to build their winter abode, and to get ready for the Bear Lake blizzards, which their mothers had talked so much about. They put up eighty tons of bluegrass hay; hauled logs for their houses, barns, and sheds. They built a room twenty-five feet long; covered, chinked and plastered it. Fifty cords of wood were hauled and piled around the house, until nothing could be seen but wood,

except a square hole in the north end, called a door. Comfortable barns, sheds and corrals were made, and the place looked quite home-like. Eight high and narrow bunks were built that reached two-thirds around the room, and their winter supplies were stowed away under them. A huge Charter Oak stove was placed in the center of the room that devoured wood almost as fast as one could tuck it in. They were then ready for anything that came along. The blast of winter soon set in, which proved a howling success, and the whole face of nature changed. What appeared to them a happy dream a few weeks before, had changed to a horrid scowl. The eight inhabitants of the unnamed town, soon discovered that they had been snowed in, and shut out from the whole world, but luckily had plenty to eat, drink and wear.

They also discovered that they had no books, except such as had been committed to memory. In order to kill time, they began to spin yarns, and within a month, everything they knew had been told a hundred times over, with all the variations. The moment anyone of them opened his mouth, everybody else knew what was coming. Sometimes they went to bed to keep warm and save candles, but the story-telling went

on just the same. When their stories became unbearably stale the listeners snored as a gentle hint to ease up.

Late one night when all had paused long enough to collect their thoughts, and give their brain a better chance, a full grown skunk came walking through the cathole on his tiptoes. Everybody smelt a mouse and gently drew the cover over their heads, and stopped breathing. The beast jumped onto the first bed he came to; walked the whole length of the eight breathless missionaries, then, in disgust, it jumped onto the hot stove, at which the grand tableaux began. At first everybody saw stars; then everything turned blue, and the missionaries' hair commenced to loosen at the roots. Some yelled fire, others murder and all in one grand chorus, "Oh 'ell." The captain about this time grabbed the thing by the tail and landed it out in the deep snow, while the rest of the missionaries were tumbling over each other in search for fresh air. This event broke the monotony, opened up a new field of thought, and proved a blessing in disguise.

On the 10th of December the boys received invitations to attend a grand ball to be given at the ranch of James Carles, three miles away. Though the snow was deep

and the thermometer registering some fifteen degrees below zero, the boys were there on time. In less than an hour both fiddles were tuned, and the dance went on, though the floor was rough. The thermometer continued to go down, but the dance was kept up. When morning came, it was too cold to stop dancing, so they danced all day. When night came again, it was about forty degrees below zero. There was a large fireplace in one end of the ballroom, and the men took turns chopping wood to keep the fire burning. All bedding was used to keep the fiddlers and children warm; the rest had to dance or freeze. While one fiddler was playing the other was warming his fingers; and the colder the weather, the harder the crowd danced. By this time the floor was smooth, but everybody's shoes were about worn out, and even the buttons began to loosen from their clothing. The "Highland flings," pigeon wings, and other fancy steps taken, would have made a French dancing master green with envy. The caller, whose voice was like a fog-horn when he began to call, had by this time dwindled to a hoarse squeak; and toward the second morning the dance simmered down to a grand right and left, all around the room. Finally their

prayers were heard; the south wind came, the weather moderated, and the dance ended.

Then the missionaries returned home, after enjoying their first dance in the land of bears. They devoured enough food to feed a small army, stopped up the skunk-hole, then went to bed, where they remained two days and nights. Before they had fairly recovered from their last entertainment a stranger on snow shoes brought invitations for them to attend another grand ball to be given at Paris, which was to be continued all through the holidays. The surprise almost took their breath. They had a week to get ready, so decided to go.

The next day they went to the canyon to get sleigh runners. While the captain was felling a tree a large hedge-hog dropped from the top of the tree, and came near falling on the captain's back. None of the boys were carpenters, nor sons of carpenters, though four days were spent in making eight sleighs, the balance of the time being occupied in sewing on buttons, mending clothing and getting ready to dance for a whole week. Each missionary took two pair of shoes along in case of another cold snap. The boys had plenty of sleigh-bells, and the day before Christmas they started

to Paris. The snow was deep, and no track broken. All went well with them until they started to descend a steep hill. A bolt in the captain's double-trees commenced to work out. As he reached forward to push it back, his sleigh ended over onto his team, and almost squeezed the life out of him. The sleigh was lifted back, and the company drove on. The boys soon reached the side-hill country, and then their trouble began in earnest. The snow was badly drifted, and they soon discovered that they had made their sleighs too narrow, as well as too short. For the next eight miles their sleighs were either ending up, or tipping over, and the best part of the day was spent in digging each other out of the deep snow, and lifting their soggy sleighs off from each other. The road from Fish Haven to Paris was good, and the latter place was reached about 5 p. m.

The eight missionaries caused a sensation as they drove through town. Joe Rich, Nute Austin, Jack Sutton and others, made fun for the crowd as the missionaries passed by in a funeral-like procession. After the peaked hat company had thawed out, eaten supper, and had a good night's rest. they were ready for anything. The city was filled with strangers from far and near, who

looked as if they had come to have a good time. The dance was to take place in David P. Kimball's large and commodious barn. The building was beautifully decorated with red, white and blue blankets. There was plenty of room for twelve sets to dance, and the music was first-class. The citizens of Paris spared neither time nor money to make the ball a grand success. At night as many as twenty-five candles were burning at the same time. The floor was a little rough, but the Round Valley boys were accustomed to that. When the dance began, everybody had the spirit of it. The eight missionaries were introduced to the great humorist and author of the "Bear Lake Monster" yarn, Joseph Colton Rich, who, in return, introduced them to all of his sisters. He proved to be very much of a gentleman, and was well posted on everything. He could answer any question one could ask him, and many things he answered without being asked. He confidentially told how the belles of Paris had sent a man on snow-shoes to Logan after the latest styles of dresses. How the man was caught in a blizzard on his return trip, and had part of the pattern blown away. He said that every lady who belonged to the "four hundred" of Paris had their dresses

cut from the part that was left and did not know the difference. This, he said, was to be kept a secret until after the holidays, so as not to interfere with their enjoyment.

The spirit of dance seemed to be in the very air, and one could not meet a person on the street who was not dancing some kind of a jig. Even the ladies at home were dancing around the stove while cooking, and one could not eat a meal of victuals without hearing all kinds of dance expressions, such as, "Please swing the fried fish around to this corner," or "Please cross the hot-cakes to the couple on the left," and "Promenade the mince-pie to this right-hand lady," and many other expressions of a similar nature. Sye Eardley was leader of the brass band and had taught the men who composed the band to play several tunes, such as "Beautiful Moonlight," "Beautiful Dreamer," "Star of the Evening," and other night-pieces which the band played in full blast during the day, while the dance was kept up at night.

After the holidays were over the "Peaked Hat Company" returned home, well pleased with the royal reception they had received. By the time winter had broken up the missionaries had eaten everything in sight, except their mules and the cat. Like

the Laplanders, they were living on fish and wild game. When out of fish, they drove down to "Spring Creek," two miles away, where hundreds of beautiful trout came from Bear Lake every night to the head of the spring. Here the boys drove stakes about an inch apart, across the shallowest part of the creek in the form of a letter V, with the small end down stream. At the point of the V, a long cone-shaped Indian willow trap was fastened. After the missionaries had placed a sign, "No Danger," above the mouth of the trap, they went to the head of Spring Creek; waded down stream, eight abreast, pounding tin cans, ringing cow-bells, and yelling at the top of their voices, till the musical strategy of the Peaked Hat Company, herded from one to two hundred pounds of cunning captives into their doleful doom. Thus ends the first chapter.

When spring came and the roads were passable, the eight Bear Lake missionaries hitched up their teams and started for Salt Lake City, to renew their supplies. When they reached the toll gate in Ogden Canyon the keeper knew them not. Their peaked hats had flattened and the carelines on their blistered faces gave them the appearance of experienced young men, instead of a crowd

of greenhorns. The boys paid their toll in trout, wolf pelts, and such other commodities as were at their disposal, then drove on to Salt Lake City. Here they spent several weeks spinning Bear Lake yarns to their unsuspecting mothers, relatives and friends.

While in Salt Lake City the missionaries were introduced to Messrs. Gilberson and Berry, two gentlemen who had just purchased the Gold Hill mine at Deep Creek, and who were about to start things booming in that section of country. These gentlemen offered the boys fifteen dollars a head to haul men to that camp, besides agreeing to give the missionaries steady employment for a year. The temptation was so great that five of the boys accepted the offer, while the remaining three returned to their northern possessions.

The five contractors loaded their wagons with miners, and started for Deep Creek. Eight days later they reached their destination and delivered their living cargo, at the little mining camp called Clifton, two hundred miles southwest of Salt Lake City. Although the missionaries had never burned a pound of charcoal in their lives, they took a contract to burn two thousand bushels and deliver the same at the Clifton smelter within specified time.

Several days were spent in looking for a suitable place. About seven miles east of Deep Creek, and five miles south of Clifton, in the tops of the low mountains, they found an ideal spot. It was a perfect little paradise, surrounded by groves of pinion pine; meadows of rich bunch grass, with plenty of wild game all around, and none to molest or make afraid. Here they built a log cabin and commenced to cut timber. A more contented and happy lot of coal burners never lived.

One afternoon they heard a strange noise in the timber below, and ran to see what caused it. They were not long in discovering that the whole country for miles around was literally alive with Indians coming over the hills towards their camp in every direction. Before they were aware, they were completely surrounded. The boys ran to their cabin with the expectation of losing their scalps, to pay the penalty for running away from their Bear Lake mission.

The big fat bucks, decked out in war paint, gathered around and commenced to scrutinize the dirty-faced coal burners, who had already destroyed several acres of pinion pine, which the red men were depending upon for pine nuts. Every hair in the Bear Lakers' heads seemed to be alive and stand-

ing on end. Everything around them looked pretty black, while their prayers went up in earnest. This was a different experience from any they had passed through, and they covenanted within themselves that if they got out of this trouble alive, they would never run away from another mission.

The chiefs by this time had gathered around the coal burners, who had about given up all hopes of escape. The boys wondered whether it would be a scalping bee or a grand sizzle at the stake, and not one of them left to tell how it was done. While many thoughts of this kind were passing through their minds, an old chief by the name of Tabby came along, and was greatly astonished when he discovered who they were. In turn he embraced each of them, and then explained to his companion chiefs that three of these boys were pappooses of peup Captain Kimball, and that he would stand good for them. By this time the frightened coal burners had caught their breath, and somewhat recovered from their fearful shock. They gulped down a cup of water and then pinched themselves to see if they were still alive.

Several years previous to this time, when the Gosh-Utes were on the warpath, Heber C. Kimball employed Tabby and family to

guard his stock on Kimball Island, fourteen miles north of Grantsville. At that time Chief Tabby received such royal treatment from Mr. Kimball that he remained a faithful friend to him and family as long as he (Tabby) lived. There were in all about one thousand Indians. They had camped about a quarter of a mile below the coal burners' cabin. The Indians were much surprised to find five boys in a lonely place of this kind, and so far from civilization. The coal burners invited the leading chiefs into their cabin, where several hours were pleasantly spent in smoking the pipe of peace, that never before had tasted so delicious. The boys wined and dined the chiefs on their best. Chief Tabby acted as interpreter and toastmaster. All misunderstandings were straightened out, and the contractors were given full liberty to chop timber or do anything else they wanted to.

The next day their savage friends moved to the Deep Creek Valley several miles below. Here they remained until their annual pow-wow had ended. Large delegations, representing the different tribes for hundreds of miles around, gathered at this place, numbering not less than three thousand. At such gatherings all important matters pertaining to their affairs were discussed, and a

better understanding had in relation to themselves as well as to their pale-faced neighbors.

After the red-skins had settled down to business, they sent a delegation, headed by Chief Tabby's son Modawalk, to invite the coal burners to attend a grand ball and banquet, to be given at their camp the next evening, commencing at sunset. The delegation was received with due respect. The invitation was accepted with all the bowing and scraping imaginable. The missionaries were there at sunset and found the festivities running in full blast. They consisted of horse-racing, gambling, singing, dancing, feasting, and having a genuine good time. All were dressed in their best, and the booming of drums could be heard in every direction. At the most central point was the headquarters of the leading chiefs and their families. The coal burners were escorted to this place, where they were made welcome. Chief Tabby and his son Modawalk introduced them to the nobility that were grouped in family circles. The Bear Lakers were then invited to take partners for the opening dance. The sage-brush had been cleared from a half acre of ground; the wolf holes filled up; ant beds and rough places smoothed down. About fifty gents took

partners and formed a circle, all taking hold of hands. The orchestra, composed of prominent "professors" of music, took their places in the center. When all was ready, the big medicine man, with several waves of his staff and a war whoop, gave the signal to start the dance. When the orchestra struck up the tune, it sent a special thrill through the coal burners, and at the same time all the dancers jumped about four inches high and a little to the right, as if a pin had been stuck into each of them. This was kept up at the tap of the drum like clock-work for about thirty minutes, all of them singing at the top of their voices. At times some of the young red-bloods became so enthusiastic that they jumped as high as they could, and let out yells that made the Bear Lakers feel like full-fledged savages. When the medicine man raised his staff to stop the dance, everybody was sweating like smelters. The missionaries were warmly dressed, wore heavy shoes, jumped higher than the rest, and felt that they were representing the best blood of America.

The first dance told on the boys, though the festivities had hardly begun. The ball room floor was dusty and no signs of rain. While other gents took partners and the dance continued, those who had just left the

floor repaired to the banqueting table, where an hour was spent in feasting upon the good things that had been brought from far and near. No bill of fare was furnished. Everybody had to use their eyes, nose and mouth to find out, if possible, just what they were eating. The contents of the first dish passed around smelled like polliwog soup, but no questions were asked. Gunny sacks of jerked bread, that looked like it had been saved for years for this particular occasion, were dumped out on the grass before them. Also plenty of dried meat of many varieties; hard-boiled eggs of every description, and other choice eatables too numerous to mention. One of the coal burners shed a tear when he discovered a chunk of bread that his mother had given to an old squaw a year or two before; but soon cheered up when the peal of laughter rang out all around him. After the first meal, the Bear Lakers visited Chief Tabby's headquarters to get permission to go into the next dance barefooted and in their shirt sleeves. Tabby consulted other prominent officials, and soon brought word that the coal burners could take off everything they had on except their trousers. The dance ran every night for a week to its full capacity, with many changes ranging from the sun, moon and star dances

to the celebrated ghost dance. The longer the crowd danced the higher they jumped, and the louder they yelled.

When the coal burners returned to their cabin, it would have puzzled an expert medicine man to have told the difference between them and their savage companions, as all looked and acted alike. For several days after the pow-wow, every unusual sound heard, the boys jumped about four inches high and a little to the right.

After leaving the red-skins' camp, the five contractors discovered many small insects with gray backs that had taken quite a liking to them. It took considerable time and plenty of hot water to loosen them from their clothing.

Modawalk became a frequent visitor to their camp. On one occasion he shouldered one of their rifles, went in the hills near by, and killed a big fat deer for them.

The coal burners spent six months burning coal and making a road to the smelter. Before they had delivered a pound of coal, the Gilberson Berry Company went into bankruptcy, and the boys never received a cent for their labors.

The next day after the red-skin conference had adjourned, Chief Tabby called on the coal burners and invited them to attend

their next annual gathering at Indian Valley, near the south end of Bear Lake. The missionaries accepted the invitation, it being but three miles from their northern home. After the Bear Lakers returned to Salt Lake they realized that they had worked six months in vain, had two pair of valuable animals stolen, came nearly having the wits scared out of them, and danced until they could see stars; while on the other hand the three missionaries that stayed with their Bear Lake mission were abundantly blessed. The coal burners were compelled to sell a portion of their Salt Lake real estate in order to get means to enable them to reach their Bear Lake home.

During the latter part of June, 1871, several thousand Indians came pouring into the Bear Lake country from every direction. Agreeable to appointment, they met at Indian Valley, where they remained about two weeks. On the 29th of June President Brigham Young and company met with them. They came from Salt Lake to Evanston over the Union Pacific Railroad, and traveled the balance of the way in light vehicles, holding meetings at the various settlements along the route. A meeting was held in the evening at Lake Town, President Brigham Young and Geo. A. Smith

being the speakers. The next day they held a meeting at Meadowville, where Wilford Woodruff, Joseph F. Smith and others spoke. Many prominent Indians were present on both occasions and enjoyed their visit with the authorities very much. July 1st the presidential party drove to Paris, where they remained a couple of days and then returned home via Cache Valley.